

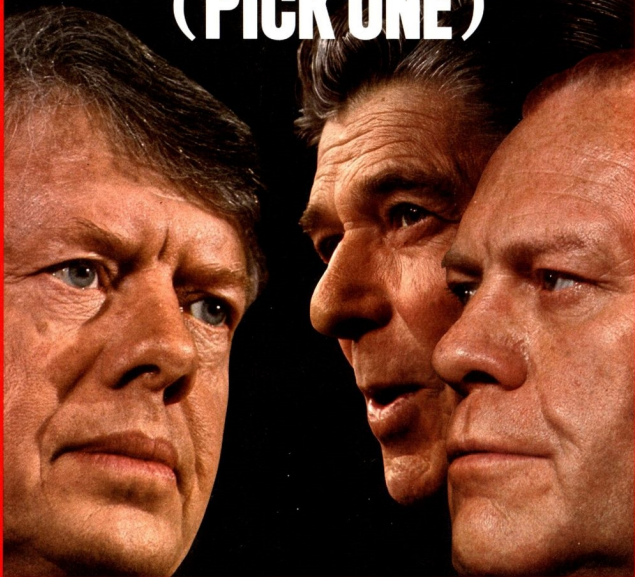
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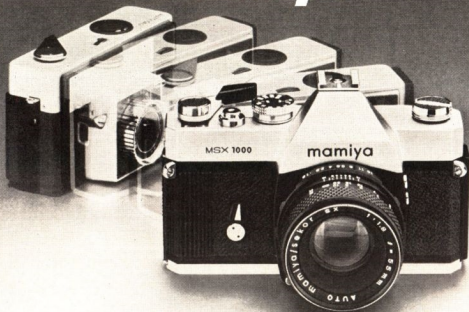


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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

For a year now, our correspondents have been traveling with the various presidential candidates and hopefuls. This week about finishes up the primaries, and we shall be watching preconvention developments.

Several members of our Washington bureau have spent most of 1976 on the road. Strobe Talbott has been with Ford and Reagan. "The Ford campaign," he says, "is a permanent floating piece of the U.S. Government. The Reagan road show is like an old-fashioned but professional vaudeville act." Dean Fischer was at Reagan's highly emotional victory celebration in Los Angeles. Said Fischer: "Neither of the other candidates I covered—Ford and Carter—has Reagan's star quality. The President can impress crowds with his office. Carter can hold an audience, particularly a black audience, spellbound. But as a showman, Reagan is unparalleled."

Bonnie Angelo's final week with Idaho Senator Frank Church was no kind of show at all. He was haunted by the tragic flood in his home state. "Even his plane was wrecked by a runaway airport-maintenance cart in Cleveland," says Angelo, "and a telephone strike prevented him from learning the bad voting results."

For Stanley Cloud, Tuesday's primaries ended nine months of almost-constant travel with Jimmy Carter. Looking back, he finds that two episodes stand out. There was a night last September when Carter was stranded at a deserted airstrip in rural New Hampshire. The man who was to become his party's nominee waited in the silent dark 30 minutes for someone—anyone—to give him a lift. The other episode also occurred in that crucial early primary. Says Cloud: "A status test for reporters in the Carter campaign is whether or not you were on the 'white-knuckle' flight to Berlin, N.H.—pronounced BER-*lin*." A blizzard began as Carter was flying to speak there, and passengers on the pitching, yawing plane watched the slopes of the White Mountains rushing past and sometimes toward their little craft.

It has been an exciting time, but people were glad to gather again in Washington this week.

Ralph P. Davidson

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TIME

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FORUM

Wings of Platinum? And Gold?

To the Editors:

Indeed, Paul McCartney is back [May 31]. Eat your hearts out, John, George and Ringo.

Kathy Biegel
Albany, Ore.

Paul McCartney is aloft on wings of platinum and gold these days. And yet I do have a request of Mr. McC. and others in rock's pantheon: How about gracing "Smaller Town U.S.A.," where long-time supporters reside?

Mike Otis
Fulton, N.Y.

First it was Springsteen, now it's McCartney. Your magazine has about as



much musical taste as a smelly old wart-hog. McCartney may be a commercial success, but he is a mediocre, washed-up musician.

Reedy Jay
Berkeley, Calif.

The rock generation may have lost a group but they have gained a legend: McCartney.

Gene Sapakoff
Denver

Now after listening to Wings' *Speed of Sound* album I'm convinced... Paul McCartney is dead!

Tom Serabian
Potsdam, N.Y.

A Cutting Question

This is in response to the article entitled "No Clearcut Decision for Timber" [May 17].

I would suggest that the article did not convey an accurate or a current picture of the developments regarding forestry management legislation. The Senate Agriculture and Forestry Committee

and the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs held joint hearings and heard from over 100 witnesses. The same two committees recently completed four days of extensive markup sessions at which time additional changes and refinements were made on my bill, S. 3091, to reflect some of the concerns and suggestions raised by members and hearing witnesses.

The article seems to indicate that there are two main groups [the timber industry's "clear cutters" v. the environmentalists] contending with each other over forestry management legislation. In fact, there are many interested parties and, fortunately, most of the solid conservation groups and forestry school deans are behind S. 3091.

The goal before us is a most difficult one. It is to chart a flexible but clear path in the management and operation of the 187 million acres of the National Forests and in the interest of not just timber but all resources. I believe that the bill does this.

Hubert H. Humphrey
Senator from Minnesota
Washington

Hays and Ray

I wonder just how wide and deep is this public trough that the taxpayers support and how many more congressional clowns must have their private capers revealed [June 7] before that august body meets its responsibility?

Cecil L. Woodgate
Satellite Beach, Fla.

Using my tax dollar for a Congressman's own benefit is a sin (greed) against me. His sin of the flesh is not a sin against me, therefore more tolerable.

Leona Mihalaka
Aurora, Ill.

I hope Congressman Hays can judge the motives of the Russians better than he figured the aspirations of Ms. Ray. My confidence in Congress has not been bolstered.

Lawrence M. Jacobson
Olympia, Wash.

Congressman Wayne Hays apparently never heard of the warning: "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

George Johnson
Wausau, Wis.

Message in a Medium?

If Brando [May 24] can only sit around on an island and bitch about the world, I don't respect him. With his talents, money and supposed intellectual

4 ways that you—yes, you—can help control health care costs.

You can take direct action to help keep health care costs from getting further out of hand. And out of pocket. We at Blue Cross and Blue Shield have been actively working at cost containment for years. But we need help. Yours.

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THREE: Out-patient Diagnostic. If your doctor orders diagnostic tests related to a definite illness or injury, these tests (x-rays, lab samples, EKG's, etc.) are covered on an out-patient basis.

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FOUR: Coordinated Home Care. When you're well enough to leave the hospital but still need treatment, we have a program available with many participating hospitals to give you that care at home. Our home care covers visiting nurses, medication, and your doctor's usual and customary fees for house calls.

Add up these four programs, and they can save millions of dollars. Dollars that come out of your pocket, either in taxes, direct charges, or the cost of your health care plan.

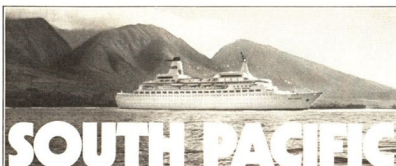
If you find yourself in one of these situations, here's what to do. First, check what your coverage is. Then ask your doctor to "prescribe" whichever program applies.

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vision, he could create a message (not a spectacle) in the movie medium similar to that of Chaplin. So far—zero.

*John Helfer
Valladolid, Spain*

Quicker with Diamonds

I was greatly distressed to read "Diamonds are Forever" [May 17], dealing with California's latest effort to enhance our environment—the Santa Monica Freeway Diamond Lanes. On March 15 we reserved the inside fast lanes of a 12.6-mile segment of the third busiest freeway in the world for the exclusive use of buses and car pools for a test period of one year. In nine weeks car pools have increased 100% (from 10,200 to 20,400 a week); and bus ridership has increased 140% (8,300 to 19,000). Overall, the freeway is moving 96% of the people moved prior to the project in 15% fewer vehicles. Early projections indicate a savings of 2 million to 2½ million gallons of fuel annually. For bus riders and car poolers, travel times are now half what they were before the project. A flop? I think not.

*Adriana Gianturco
Director of Transportation
Sacramento*

The Outer Island

The one underlying catechism of President d'Esterling's reflections on the U.S. [May 24] seems to be that for whatever our nation has accomplished, bungled or compromised in the past 200 years, we are still just an island off the coast of Europe.

*Carol Wicks
Auburn, Ala.*

America, Good and Bad

Foreign observers are not the only ones who find the U.S. wanting ["Critical Reviews from Abroad," May 31]. Americans who know their history realize that their country is and always has been a laggard in social progress.

Ours was one of the last countries to abolish slavery, one of the last to adopt a social-welfare system (still shamefully inadequate), and one of the last to address itself to the question of socioeconomic inequality. All the Bicentennial rhetoric and campaign jingoism can't cover up the fact that we're not Numero Uno.

*Victor Grant Backus
Brooklyn*

It is interesting that the 550 business, political and educational leaders from 86 foreign countries see little value in our system of government.

I wonder what would happen if we had no immigration laws and opened the doors wide. Do you think anyone would come?

*Edward G. Davies
Miami*

"Rebuilding these rural roads will cost billions."

Both true statements. Both consider costs, but from different viewpoints. Which costs more: updating? Or not?

Modernizing all our rural roads would be a staggering job. 3.2 million miles are involved: 84% of all U.S. roads. Most were built over 40 years ago for Model A cars and light farm trucks. 30 MPH speeds. Many have lanes less than 12 feet wide. They cross 200,000 bridges, many obsolete; go over 38,000 railroad crossings, less than half with warning lights. Cost to upgrade these roads? The government says \$108 billion! Many people honestly question such an expenditure.

Yet, rural roads—cracked, potholed, blind-cornered — must carry our farm crops to market. And supplies to farms: fertilizers, feeds, fuels, pesticides, machinery. Bad rural roads increase food costs by increasing transportation costs. They waste time, fuel; take lives. About 25,000 in 1975. Fatal accident rates are higher on rural roads.

What to do? We can't make every road a superhighway. But we can't deny the benefits good roads bring to cities and farms. If America's farm production is to expand, rural transportation must keep pace. We should give rural road improvement the priority it deserves.

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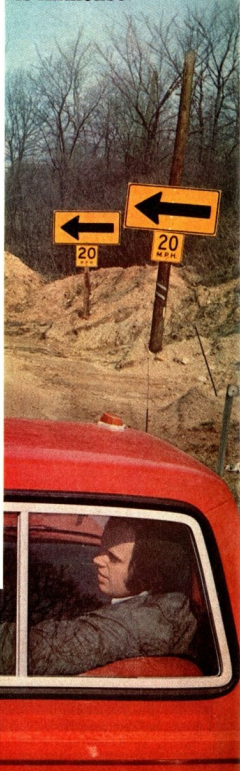
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intelligent choices.**



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"The cost of neglecting these roads is immense."



I've done my share of U.S. bashing, but never again. Thanks for the movies that turned childhood into magic. Thanks for the big, brash, zesty scene (never seen, only felt). But above all, thanks for never really growing up. America is the Peter Pan of all the continents. Optimism, vitality, "get-up-and-go" are still with you (watch Jimmy Carter & Co.). May you never ever change.

Joan Burgermeister
Surrey, England

Not Enough

Your conclusion [May 31] that "the American consumer almost always ends up paying the bills" (of jury awards) is right out of a recent casualty insurance company advertisement. Jury verdicts should not be arbitrarily limited any more than corporation executive salaries or professional golfers' winnings should be. In a free society such things are properly determined by the merits of the case. Before you judge, why not serve on a jury in a serious case? You'll be surprised how little \$1 million is to a quadriplegic.

Peter Chase Neumann
Reno

Kudos to the Wyoming jury who awarded \$1.3 million to Margaret Housen for contracting gonorrhea. They have

opened a veritable Pandora's box of litigation. Using their scale, contracting syphilis could bring a lucky person \$750,000. Thanks to their precedent, purchasing no-fault sex insurance will become mandatory at puberty. Pity the uninsured who must resort to medical treatment rather than cashing in at the courthouse!

Nick Ritcher, M.D.
Seal Beach, Calif.

Among the Outraged

Hooray for Stefan Kanfer's report on violence in sports [May 31]. It is a pathetic commentary that the immature, destructive behavior of our contemporary "superheroes" is three strikes below the maturity level of the children who worship and glorify them.

Count me among the "outraged" that such foul play has been magnified and reinforced by sports promoters and the media.

Katherine Ferber
Moraga, Calif.

How Golden the Mean?

In your story in the May 31 issue you said: "Carter's... answers have appeal to partisans on both sides of issues." Probably true, but is it so bad?

In this country I find we have a maddening tendency to back our candidates

into corners, then demand that they produce instant remedies from either a "liberal" or "conservative" bag of tricks.

It isn't always that simple. Jimmy Carter seems, refreshingly, to be a man of the Golden Mean—willing and able to perceive that Aristotle just might have been onto something.

Jennifer Hamilton Calvert
McLean, Va.

Ripping the Veil

I felt that your article, "Running Against Washington" [May 24], reflected the attitude of the American public toward their leaders in a most exacting and empathetic way.

It was refreshing to hear that someone interpreted the attitude of the public to be one of self-sufficiency instead of one of apathy. Part of the reason Washington is "afraid of their own people" is because we have ripped the veil from the power-filled positions and we're questioning not only the positions themselves, but what type of person it is that becomes possessed to take such an office (as President).

Jo Ellen Burke
St. Paul

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POLITICS/COVER STORIES

STAMPEDE

Now the choice is down to three—and they are among the most unusual politicians in the nation's history. The next President of the U.S. will be either Jimmy Carter, the one-term Georgia Governor who has had the most spectacular political rise since Wendell Willkie in 1940; or Ronald Reagan, the two-term California Governor who staged the most successful challenge against an incumbent since Theodore Roosevelt took on William Howard Taft in 1912; or Gerald Ford, the longtime Michigan Congressman whom fate, Watergate and the 25th Amendment propelled into the Oval Office. Their status as survivors tells much about the changing state of the nation, the political parties and the voters' mood.

For all their obvious differences of personality and policy, even their critics concede that all three are decent, honest and experienced. On most matters they are moderate men. None calls for severely chopping the defense budget or taking any extreme actions on the economy; though Reagan has made some by-jingo statements, he does not want to declare Cold War II. To a nation that is suspicious of Big Government, wary of grandiose programs and weary of taxes, all three finalists promise to shake up the bureaucracy, stunt the growth of Federal spending and generally practice prudence. Thus they reflect the questioning, skeptical mood of the electorate.

Throughout the primaries, the voters repudiated familiar old politicians; Ford's great powers of incumbency could not stop Reagan from bouncing back after successive defeats in the first five primaries. The voters were smitten by fresh faces, unblemished by Washington—not only Carter and Reagan but also, toward the end, by Democrat Jerry Brown. Democratic favorites fell like bowling pins. Henry Jackson, the early front runner, did not even survive the first half of the primary season, and even Carter got a scare at the end. Liberals fared worst of all: the Democrats rejected Fred Harris, Mo Udall, Birch Bayh, Sargent Shriver and Milton Shapp.

That the usually brawling Democrats were uniting behind Carter while Ford and Reagan were still slugging it out among the normally decorous Republicans, showed that the parties were switching roles. The Democrats went through the primary campaign with allegiances divided among 15 candidates—from Harris the portside populist to George Wallace the starboard demagogue. Now they figured that unity would spell victory. They smelled blood because the Republicans were opening their veins like suicidal ancient Romans. The battle between Ford and Reagan is certain to intensify still more after Reagan's near-sweep last week of Missouri at large delegates (see story page 131).

Carter sewed up the Democratic nomination by winning 218 delegates in the final three primaries last Tuesday, pushing his total then to 1,250. He was clobbered, as expected, by Governor Jerry Brown in California. In a remarkable last-ditch effort by the anyone-but-Carter forces, he was upset in New Jersey by an uncommitted slate pledged to Brown and Hubert Humphrey (Who could resist the offer of two candidates for one vote?). But Carter won big where it counted most—in Ohio, the nation's sixth largest state. Competing against both Udall and Church, Carter carried 52% of the vote, which was twelve points higher than his most optimistic forecasts. Ohio gave him 126 delegates, and that was it.

Endorsements cascaded in. Indeed, the final rush to Carter began even before the Super Bowl votes were counted, and it was led by that shrewd old power broker, Chicago Boss Richard Daley. Carter had long been courting the mayor, often visiting him

IN OHIO, CARTER GIVES A KISS, GETS A BOUQUET

TO CARTER

when he went through Chicago and phoning him every ten days or so. Months ago, Daley told close friends that "what we need is young, fresh blood in the party," and his cronies figured he would ultimately come out for Carter (TIME, March 29). At a press conference last Tuesday afternoon, Daley predicted that Carter would win on the first ballot. Then he added: "This man Carter has fought in every primary, and if he wins in Ohio he'll walk in under his own power. He's got courage. I admire a man who's got courage. He started out months ago, entered into every contest in every state, and he won 'em and he lost 'em, and by God, you have got to admire a guy like that." Daley's clear signal: the time had come for Democrats to rally round Jimmy Carter.

After the Ohio vote came in, Illinois Senator Adlai Stevenson released the 86 delegates that Daley's machine had won for him as a favorite son. George Wallace urged his 168 delegates to support Carter. If all those delegates voted for Carter, he would have the 1,505 needed to nominate. Scoop Jackson and Frank Church were expected to rally round Jimmy Carter.

Only Hubert Humphrey could hope to stall the stampede to Carter. But just before an 8 a.m. speech on Wednesday, Humphrey made clear to reporters that he would be a no-go. Said he: "I've never been a spoiler in my life." Still, he was urged to hold out by the two leaders of the latest Humphrey-for-President movement, Erie County (Buffalo) Democratic Chief Joseph Crangle and Illinois Congressman Paul Simon. At 1:30 p.m., Humphrey showed them a withdrawal statement. Crangle and Simon asked him to tone it down, to keep the door open a crack. As the three men met, Humphrey got a phone call from unpredictable Jerry Brown. He wanted to join Humphrey in a ninth-inning drive to stop Carter. Humphrey turned him down. At 3 p.m., before TV cameras, Humphrey declared that since Carter "is virtually certain to be our party's nominee, I will not authorize any presidential political activity on my behalf."

Quixotically, Brown continued to fight. Said he: "Jimmy Carter, wherever you are, I'm looking for you. I want to debate you." He improvised plans to travel the country in search of uncommitted delegates—for how long was anybody's guess. As he told reporters before leaving Los Angeles to court support in Louisiana: "This is a campaign that emerges as it flows forward, and each day I'll assess what the realistic possibilities are. It's hard to tell just what all this means." Then he accused Carter of "all of a sudden doing a flip-flop" because he had accepted endorsements from Wallace and Daley. Asked recently whom he would vote for in November if he were not a candidate, Brown said laconically: "Oh, I don't know. I might not vote at all." Frank Mankiewicz, a Carter fan, cracked that Jerry Brown's performance was "an exercise in gracelessness without pressure."

The vanquished Democrats will be heard from in the future. Many of Carter's confidants speak warmly of Frank Church as a prospective Vice President (see story, page 15). Scoop Jackson also yearns to be Veep but stands much less of a chance. Humphrey would like to succeed retiring Mike Mansfield as Senate majority leader; but Senate Whip Robert Byrd of West Virginia has campaigned tirelessly for that job and has a long lead. Udall would like to compete for the Senate in 1980. The brightest future seems to belong to Jerry Brown, whose lower-ty-expectations lines turn on the voters. Unless they weary of his above-it-all vagueness, he may well run for President in 1980 or 1984, when he will be only 46.

But for George Wallace, the twelve-year quest for the pres-

NANCY & RONALD REAGAN CAMPAIGNING IN CALIFORNIA



PRESIDENT FORD BEFORE DEFEAT IN MISSOURI



THE NATION

idency was over, laid to rest by Jimmy Carter. When he flew into Los Angeles for a last harrumph just before the California primary, only a pitiful handful of diehards greeted him. Time had passed him by, but he liked to think that the other candidates had caught up with him. Wallace told TIME Atlanta Bureau Chief James Bell: "Listen to what even candidates like Church and the rest say about welfare and tax reform, busing and Big Government, the bureaucracy and wasteful foreign aid and crime in the streets." Does he plan to run for the Senate seat that Alabama's John Sparkman is expected to vacate in 1978? Replied Wallace: "I hope to still be in politics. If I go up there, you can be sure of one thing. I'm not going to be your average freshman Senator the day they swear me in." Meanwhile, what Wallace wants most is a little respect and a nice, warm reception at the Democratic National Convention, which opens July 12 in New York City. Given the Democrats' victory-through-unity mood, he'll probably get it.

Jimmy Carter celebrated his triumph by going home to Plains, Ga. He figured that he had made 2,050 speeches in the past 16½ months, "and I'm tired." At least 1,000 people came from miles around, danced in the streets of the small town, hummed and clapped with a spiritual group that sang from the train platform and waited to greet Jimmy as he arrived at 1:30 on the morning after the Super Bowl. Then he got up on the train platform and spoke under a three-quarter moon.

"I've met a lot of folks around the country—people just like us, people who know what it means to have to work for a living,

who live close to one another, who have deep religious faith, who love their schools, who want to see their kids have a better chance in life than we have, who love this country, who have been disappointed at some of the things that have happened here, who want to see it better, who want to see us correct our mistakes, who want to see the divisions that have existed, sometimes, among us eliminated once and for all, and who look back 200 years ago and try to understand what the founders of our nation dreamed about—and make those dreams come true."

The remarkable rise of Jimmy Carter, 51, an impressive, complex and sometimes difficult man, was the result of a campaign effort that is already considered a classic and will be studied for years to come. He began planning his run while in the Georgia



April: With the help of Martin Luther King Sr., Carter recovers from his foolish "ethnic purity" statement.

MARCH TO VICTORY



March: Scoop Jackson on night of his victory in Massachusetts.



March: Supporters greet their candidate in the Florida sun.



January: Carter campaigns in New Hampshire's political snow.



April: Mining for votes in Pennsylvania, Carter digs up a surprise victory that buries Jackson's candidacy.

statehouse in 1972, helped by only a few close associates. By late 1974, Carter, Campaign Manager Hamilton Jordan and the rest reckoned that the other candidates would not run in all the primaries but would carefully pick and choose, trying to save energy and money to make a splash in the last state elections. Recalls Jordan of the most important policy decision: "We decided to take exactly the opposite course. We would run everywhere and go for broke early. Of course, we had to do that anyway, since we were unknown and had to establish ourselves in the earlier primaries."

Carter and his country-shrewd thinkers knew that he needed to accomplish three goals in the primaries: 1) score an early victory in the North to earn his credentials as a national candidate; 2) beat Wallace in the South; 3) then win one or two large Northern industrial states to "nail it down," as Jordan says. With that in mind, Carter focused on four or five key pri-



May: Frank and Bethine Church chortle over results of the Nebraska primary contest.

June: Courting Jewish community at end of New Jersey campaign.

Last Wednesday: Jimmy, Amy & Rosalynn Carter looking toward an easy convention.



May: In Maryland, Jerry Brown astonishes the experts, and the opposition, by slowing down the Carter juggernaut.

maries. They were New Hampshire (first and Northern), Florida (a Southern state where Wallace was vulnerable), Pennsylvania and Ohio (key industrial states) and possibly California (the biggest). The strategy changed only slightly; when Jerry Brown entered the race last March, Carter recognized that he could not win California. Otherwise he stuck to the plan, pouring most of his money, time and organization into the target states—all of which he won. By the time he beat Scoop Jackson and Morris Udall in Pennsylvania in late April, Carter had eliminated most of his early—and better-known—opponents.

How did he do it?

First, he and the inspired novices around him had great organizational skill. In keeping with his 1972 plan, he made a major drive in the Iowa caucus in January, the first test of 1976. He organized the state county by county, district by district, and scored a victory that gained national headlines. In New Hampshire, Carter did not want to be tagged as the front runner, so his men helped propagate the myth that Mo Udall had the best organization there. In fact, Carter held that distinction; by last September he had extensive card files on New Hampshire voters. His victory gained greater attention because it appeared to be a come-from-behind win.

Second, Carter had luck. Other candidates stayed out of Florida, and former Governor Terry Sanford dropped out before the North Carolina primary, helping Carter to beat Wallace in both. By proving that a moderate Southerner could top Wallace in Dixie, those two early victories gained Carter much support among liberals and showed that, in Teddy Kennedy's words, Carter deserved a place on the Democratic ticket, at least as Veep.

Third, he presented himself as an optimistic, healing, God-

fearing man who believed in America and could bind up the nation's wounds. Audiences responded warmly, if not emotionally, to his basic speech that the Government ought to be as good as the American people are. And his message was that *all* Americans—welfare recipients and welfare workers, black civil rights activists and white segregationists, hardhats and students—*are* good people. Despite opponents' criticisms that he was two-faced, he almost invariably took the same stand before all audiences. He might fuff his position on some issues, or omit Martin Luther King's name from a list of great Americans as he spoke before conservatives in Florida, but his basic themes were consistent. They were also upbeat and positive.

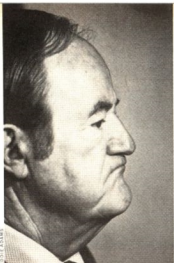
He had something to offer for conservatives and liberals alike. Conservative audiences liked to hear him say that there are 1.1 million welfare recipients who are able to work and ought to be trained for and offered a job. "If they refuse it," he added, "they ought to be taken off welfare altogether." Conservatives always applauded that line—and usually missed the very next line, which Carter invariably added. He said that fully 90% of the people on welfare were not able to work, and they "should be treated with decency and respect and love and compassion."

Carter also tended to frame his stands on hot issues in ways that had broad appeal. He drew a distinction between amnesty for Viet Nam draft evaders and the "full pardon" that he promised to grant in the first week of his Administration. Amnesty, he said, implied that draft evasion was all right, while a pardon merely granted forgiveness. He thus brought audiences around to accepting the idea of a pardon. In fact and in law, however, amnesty does not imply approval. Reminded of this by a TIME correspondent last week, Carter smiled and rather archly said: "I'll define the word any way that suits me."

Fourth, black audiences in particular responded to this Georgian. More than most whites, they were moved by his appeals for "love" and "decency." Almost everywhere, blacks voted for Carter by overwhelming margins. Without them, he would not have turned back Wallace in Florida, or Udall in Wisconsin and Michigan.

Largely because blacks knew that he had an excellent record on civil rights, they rallied to his side after he made his worst gaffe of the campaign, saying some kind words about "ethnic purity" in neighborhoods. Black support helped Carter to surmount that crisis quickly. He took many blacks as counselors, notably Urban League Executive Director Vernon Jordan, and Congressman Andrew Young, who represents a mostly white Atlanta district. When asked recently to whom he owed anything, Carter replied: "Andy Young." The list stopped there. Carter has promised to appoint blacks to Cabinet or sub-Cabinet jobs; if they are willing, Young and Jordan may well be offered high posts in any Carter Administration.

Despite his assets, the front runner came dangerously close to blowing his lead in the final lap. After smashing Favorite Son Lloyd Bentsen in Texas on May Day, he was shocked by six set-



A REALISTIC HUBERT HUMPHREY

Democrats smelled blood as Republicans opened their veins like old Romans.



A FORGIVING GEORGE WALLACE



A GRACIOUS MORRIS UDALL

back over the next five weeks. He lost Nebraska, Idaho and Oregon to Church; he dropped Maryland, Nevada and Rhode Island to Brown; he just barely edged Udall in Michigan.

Indeed, at least until Ohio, Carter performed better as David than as Goliath. As soon as he surged out front, voters perceived him to be an "in" member of the political establishment that he had so effectively criticized. He failed to foresee that the two late starters, Brown and Church, would appeal to voters as refreshing newcomers and underdogs. It did not help that Brown, Church and Udall—with Humphrey rooting restlessly from the sidelines—could challenge Carter one-on-one, while he was running everywhere. His opponents won the votes of people who were suspicious of his Southern origin or the depth of his commitment to liberal programs, unions and Israel.

When Carter became the front runner, many voters wanted him to be more explicit on the issues. He attempted to respond by delivering a comprehensive but unexciting foreign policy speech in Chicago, an excellent speech at the United Nations calling for controlling the spread of nuclear arms, a stirring civil rights address in Los Angeles. He said, with considerable exaggeration, that he had position papers "on every conceivable issue." But it was not enough, and the failure to be more explicit cost Carter dearly in the late primaries.

TIME Washington Correspondent Stanley Cloud, who has covered Carter for several months, reports: "Another problem for Carter—and one that will probably persist as the Republicans zero in on him—has been his reputation as a steel-hard, ambitious man for whom winning is the highest value. The description is by no means complete, but there is some truth in it. Carter is a man of striking contradictions. He tirelessly invokes love but can be a tough political fighter. He speaks movingly of the need to help the poor and downtrodden, but he suggests that the solution is to change Government organization and programs. One of his great strengths is that he can appeal to a broad cross section of the American people; but he faces the danger that when he details his positions, many who supported him will feel that they were misled. In particular, conservatives may feel deceived when they discover his basic liberalism, which borders on populism."

Says Carl Sanders, the liberal whom Carter defeated for the Georgia governorship: "Hell, Carter is a lot more liberal than I ever was." Adds Carter with some hyperbole: "My socioeconomic positions are not really different from Mo Udall's."

By locking up the nomination so soon, Carter now has the luxury of time—five months in which to ponder and articulate his policies, bring together his party, pick his people, and plan for the presidency, which the current polls show him winning. Looking to November, his aides figure that he can already reasonably count on 199 of the 270 electoral votes needed to win. They calculate this by figuring that he will carry all the Southern and Border states, plus Massachusetts, Minnesota, Wisconsin and the District of Columbia, which they consider to be reliably Dem-

ocratic. But to meet this optimistic projection and go beyond it, he still has to persuade millions of Democrats and independents who have yet to be sold on Jimmy Carter.

George McGovern suggested to the Carter staff last week that he would be available to act as a unifier on behalf of the Carter candidacy. McGovern may well give a major speech, stressing the rally-round-Carter theme, at or just before the Democratic Convention. In the days ahead, when Carter meets with former foes, he will probably renew the pledge he made when George Wallace phoned him to bury the hatchet at 2 a.m. last Wednesday: "George, I'll make you the best President this country ever had." Even in the flush of victory, that was quite a statement.

CARTER AND THE JEWS

"Jewish radar sets are up all over, sensing a new political configuration," declares Chicago Financier Maynard Wishner, a leader of the city's Jewish community. What those radars are picking up, of course, is the orbiting presidential candidacy of Jimmy Carter. How America's Jews are going to respond to him has been of concern for Carter campaign strategists. They are troubled by the specter of 1972, when Jews—like other traditional Democrats—deserted Democratic Presidential Nominee George McGovern in droves. Instead of polling over 80% of the Jewish vote, as John Kennedy (1960) and Hubert Humphrey (1968) did, and 90%, as Lyndon Johnson (1964) did, McGovern cornered only around 60%.

Carter, in recent weeks, has mounted a determined effort to woo Jews. He has advertised heavily in Jewish publications, duddled with Jewish community notables, sent personal mailings to Jewish voters and appointed a special director for Jewish affairs. Helping him have been a number of Atlanta's Jews; evangelizing across the nation, they are stressing Carter's long and close relationship with Georgia's Jewish leaders and that, as Governor, he appointed Jews to prominent state positions.

In some ways, the hesitations of America's Jews toward Carter are not unique; they represent a variation on the themes that emerged during the long primary season—a Northerner's suspicion of a politician from the South, an apprehension about a contender lacking experience in national Government and a displeasure about what has been perceived (however incorrectly) as Carter's fuzziness on specific issues. In addition, as Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg, President of the American Jewish Congress, points out: "There's no national Jewish leader who can actually say, 'Jimmy Carter is my friend.'"

One of the special issues that seem to concern Jews is Carter's evangelical Southern Baptist faith (see RELIGION). In a recent letter to Reform Jewish leaders across the nation, Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler, President of the American Union of He-

What will it take to make jobs for your children?

We need to get unemployed people back onto business pay-rolls — and the sooner the better. Right now, America needs millions of jobs.

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Money. The huge sums of money (investment capital) companies need to upgrade and expand their facilities. It's those facilities that, when business picks up, maintain jobs and create new ones. How much money's needed? The average investment to create a single new job opportunity in manufacturing is around \$25,000 today. It will be at least \$35,000 in 1980.

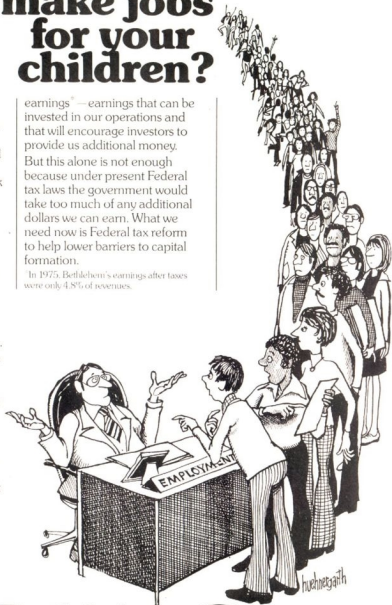
That multiplies out to \$37½ billion in capital investment today to create 1½ million new jobs. By 1980, it will take an investment of \$52½ billion.

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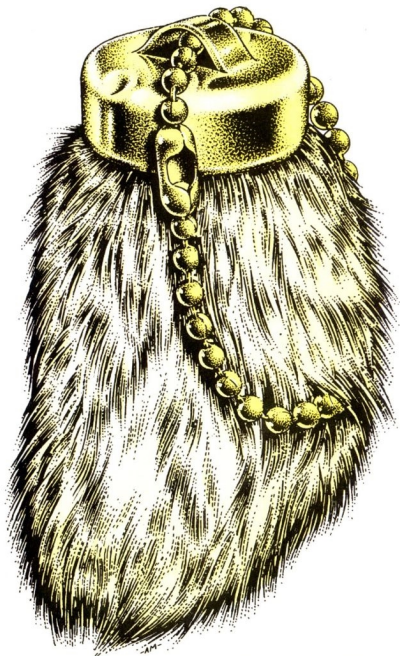
costs of pollution control facilities in the year they are incurred, (4) eliminate the double taxation of corporate profits paid out as dividends.

If you agree that revisions in present Federal tax laws are needed to provide the additional capital for more and better jobs, we ask you to tell that to your

Senators and Congressman.

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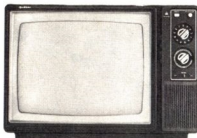
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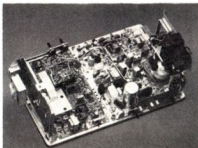
Jim Watson, Mgr., Womersley TV, Lake Worth, Fla.

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THE NATION

brew Congregations, recalled that "historically, anti-Semitism had its roots in fundamentalist religion." But he immediately added that it "is unjust and paradoxical for religious Jews to look askance at a man because he is deeply religious."

Carter publicly confronted the religious issue early last week in Elizabeth, N.J. Responding to a question from a predominantly Jewish audience of 2,000, the candidate—a blue velvet yarmulke perched atop his head—declared extemporaneously: "I worship the same God you do; we [Baptists] study the same Bible that you do. This is a country wherein one's own religious faith should not be a matter of prejudice or concern. The ability of Jews, Catholics, Baptists, even atheists to work in harmony with one another in our nation, based on a system of religious pluralism, is one that is precious to me." Later Carter added that he opposed federal aid to parochial schools and favored the Supreme Court's ban on religious prayer in the public schools—two stances with which the majority of U.S. Jewry concur.

The other issue of very special concern to American Jews is, of course, Israel—which has become something of an automatic litmus by which every national politician is tested. While Carter has long been a firm supporter of Israel, he most clearly enunciated his views on the Middle East in his prepared address last week in Elizabeth. There he declared, to enthusiastic applause, that "the survival of Israel is not a political issue. It is a moral imperative." He sharply criticized Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's penchant for personalized and secret handling of foreign affairs, including the shuttle, step-by-step diplomacy that has achieved cease-fires in Sinai and on the Golan Heights. Carter complained that "the underlying threat to Israel" has been left "unresolved." He called for "a general settlement" to be reached by "direct negotiation between the parties."

This could well mean a convoking of something like the short-lived Geneva Conference that met just after the 1973 Yom Kippur War. The speech, however, was silent about the possibly dangerous consequences of such a conference stalemating and collapsing. Nor did it indicate how Carter would deal with the thorniest of the Middle East's issues: Israel's precise borders, the status of Jerusalem and the resolution of the Palestinian problem. While he acknowledged that "the Palestinians have rights which must be recognized," he condemned Palestinian terrorists, not only for their attacks on Israelis, but also because they "undermine their own people's best interests."

Carter's proposals, in some important aspects, do not differ radically from the Administration's approach in the Middle East, for Kissinger privately concedes that his shuttle diplomacy has probably achieved as much as it can. But Carter definitely seems to tilt toward the Israelis, rather than attempt to be evenhanded, as the Administration has tried to be since the 1973 war. At Elizabeth, for instance, the candidate talked of an "absolute assurance of Israel's survival and security." Even here, however, the difference between Carter and the Administration is primarily one of emphasis; for example, President Ford declared just last month that the U.S. "will remain the ultimate guarantor of Israel's freedom." With their positions apparently so close, if Ford and Carter both receive their parties' nominations, U.S. diplomacy in the Israeli-Arab dispute may not—as conventional wisdom has it—have to take a holiday and avoid new initiatives until after the November voting.

Carter's goal, if he wins the nomination, is to receive the nearly unanimous Jewish vote that Democrats had enjoyed until the McGovern debacle. This may not be an easy task. Although Ford and Kissinger have been criticized by U.S. Jews for pressuring Israel to make concessions to the Arabs, Ford has also backed massive aid for the Israelis (\$4.5 billion in two years). Notes Harvard Political Scientist Nadav Safran, himself a Cairo-born Jew: "If Ford modulates his position vis-à-vis Israel a bit, the vote in November would be divided. Carter would still get the majority, but it might not be overwhelming."

Ultimately, the special "Jewish issues" will not be the sole factor in determining what Jews will do at the polls in November. The candidates' personalities and the full and complex spectrum of national issues are likely to count as much for Jews as for tens of millions of their non-Jewish countrymen.

G.O.P. DONNYBROOK

"Electable"—that will be the buzz word dominating the bitter Republican struggle, probably right down to the convention floor in Kansas City, Aug. 16. The argument will be whether Gerald Ford or Ronald Reagan will have a better chance of beating the formidable Jimmy Carter in November. The very fact that doubts are being cast on the electability of a sitting President with the traditional advantages of incumbency is a measure of the trouble Ford is in. It is also a measure of how far Reagan has come from a shaky start, with no credentials in foreign affairs and with an essentially ideological appeal.

The jarring primary struggle that ended with the presidential nomination still maddeningly eluding both contenders obviously was only a prelude to Phase 2 of the 1976 campaign—an intense, even frantic pursuit of a relative handful of delegates who now may determine the nominee.

Reagan's strength in that search was strikingly demonstrated last Saturday in Springfield, Mo., when he inflicted yet another grievous wound on President Ford's hopes for the nomination. In a humiliating rout, with both real and psychological impact, Re-



REAGAN AND AIDE LAUGH IT UP IN MISSOURI

Hospitality aplenty from the convention hosts.

gan won 18 of Missouri's 19 at-large delegates. When added to the Missouri delegates already won by Reagan, the 18-1 victory gave him control of the 49-member Missouri delegation, with 30 votes to Ford's 16 (and three uncommitted). The only Ford delegate to survive Reagan's weekend charge was Governor Christopher S. Bond, who himself suffered a setback in the Ford defeat: when Missouri hosts the Republican National Convention in Kansas City in August, the Governor will not even be chairman of the delegation.

By waging internecine warfare, Ford and Reagan create the risk that when the prize of the nomination is finally won, it will not be worth much. But both men have brought to that problem the philosophy of a baseball manager whose team is down three games in the World Series: win today or there'll be no tomorrow.

In last week's Super Bowl primaries, Ford swept up 88 delegates in Ohio to Reagan's nine, though Reagan won 45% of the popular vote—more than expected. The President also captured New Jersey's 67 delegates. But Reagan won all 167 delegates in California's winner-take-all primary.

In soundings by TIME correspondents after last week's voting, uncommitted delegates who really favor one candidate or the

REPUBLICAN SCORECARD

Needed to nominate: 1,130

Includes delegates leaning to candidate*

| States | Delegate votes | * Ford | * Reagan | Uncommitted | Yet to be chosen |
|-------------------|----------------|--------|----------|-------------|------------------|
| ALABAMA | 37 | | 37 | | |
| ALASKA | 19 | 17 | 2 | | |
| ARIZONA | 29 | 2 | 27 | | |
| ARKANSAS | 27 | 10 | 17 | | |
| CALIFORNIA | 167 | | 167 | | |
| COLORADO | 31 | | 3 | | 28 |
| CONNECTICUT | 35 | | | | 35 |
| DELAWARE | 17 | | | | 17 |
| DIST. OF COLUMBIA | 14 | 14 | | | |
| FLORIDA | 66 | 43 | 23 | | |
| GEORGIA | 48 | | 48 | | |
| HAWAII | 19 | 18 | 1 | | |
| IDAH0 | 21 | 4 | 13 | | 4 |
| ILLINOIS | 101 | 77 | 11 | 13 | |
| INDIANA | 54 | 9 | 45 | | |
| IOWA | 36 | | | | 36 |
| KANSAS | 34 | 29 | 4 | 1 | |
| KENTUCKY | 37 | 19 | 18 | | |
| LOUISIANA | 41 | | 36 | 5 | |
| MAINE | 20 | 14 | 4 | 2 | |
| MARYLAND | 43 | 43 | | | |
| MASSACHUSETTS | 43 | 28 | 15 | | |
| MICHIGAN | 84 | 55 | 29 | | |
| MINNESOTA | 42 | 15 | 5 | 4 | 18 |
| MISSISSIPPI | 30 | | 30 | | |
| MISSOURI | 49 | 16 | 30 | 3 | |
| MONTANA | 20 | | | | 20 |
| NEBRASKA | 25 | 7 | 18 | | |
| NEVADA | 18 | 6 | 12 | | |
| NEW HAMPSHIRE | 21 | 18 | 3 | | |
| NEW JERSEY | 67 | 67 | | | |
| NEW MEXICO | 21 | | | | 21 |
| NEW YORK | 154 | 119 | 19 | 16 | |
| NORTH CAROLINA | 54 | 25 | 28 | 1 | |
| NORTH DAKOTA | 18 | | | | 18 |
| OHIO | 97 | 91 | 6 | | |
| OKLAHOMA | 36 | | 36 | | |
| OREGON | 30 | 16 | 14 | | |
| PENNSYLVANIA | 103 | 88 | 6 | 9 | |
| RHODE ISLAND | 19 | 19 | | | |
| SOUTH CAROLINA | 36 | 8 | 28 | | |
| SOUTH DAKOTA | 20 | 9 | 11 | | |
| TENNESSEE | 43 | 21 | 22 | | |
| TEXAS | 100 | | 96 | | 4 |
| UTAH | 20 | | | | 20 |
| VERMONT | 18 | 17 | | 1 | |
| VIRGINIA | 51 | 6 | 38 | 7 | |
| WASHINGTON | 38 | | | | 38 |
| WEST VIRGINIA | 28 | 19 | 9 | | |
| WISCONSIN | 45 | 45 | | | |
| WYOMING | 17 | 2 | 10 | 5 | |
| GUAM | 4 | 4 | | | |
| PUERTO RICO | 8 | 8 | | | |
| VIRGIN ISLANDS | 4 | 4 | | | |
| TOTALS | 2,259 | 1,012 | 921 | 67 | 259 |

other were allocated to their favorites. This process reduced the pool of genuinely uncommitted delegates to 67, brought Ford's total to 1,012 and Reagan's to 921, with 259 delegates yet to be chosen (see chart).

With the delegates yet to be chosen in twelve states, Reagan appears certain to close the gap and prevent Ford from reaching the 1,130 total required for nomination. In the view of Reagan strategists, he may very well sweep the 127 delegates to be chosen at state conventions in Colorado, Montana, New Mexico, Utah and Washington—all in the Western heartland of Reagan country. After splitting North Dakota's 18 votes with Ford and picking up eight in Minnesota to ten for Ford (an estimate that observers believe exaggerates Reagan's strength), Reagan will try to pick up ten more in Connecticut and Delaware, 18 in Iowa, plus four each in Idaho and Texas, bringing his total to 1,066 against Ford's 1,039. Thus uncommitted and undecided delegates could find themselves vested with the power and responsibility of determining the Republican candidate.

The Ford camp naturally disputes the projections. Giving "every benefit to Reagan," Ford Adviser Mel Laird insists that Ford will enter the convention with 1,114 delegates at a minimum, Reagan with 1,058 at best. Thus Ford would be only 16 away from the "magic number." This "worst case projection," says Laird, assures Ford's nomination, since "I have absolute confidence, 100% certainty," that Ford will win the support of at least 75% of the theoretically uncommitted.

Most party experts are resigned to a hectic convention, with a battle over the party platform as well as the nominee. Reagan's forces are likely to insist on strong planks on defense of the Panama Canal, against abortion and against détente. Should Ford win the nomination, he could find himself running on a Reagan platform. In such a situation, his advisers say he would simply ignore the platform.

"I guess we'll go right into the convention without a candidate," sighs Robert Hughes, Republican chairman of Ohio's populous Cuyahoga County. Why? "Purists," says Ford Backer Hughes. "They want their view of a conservative candidate. And it doesn't much matter whether the man can win or not."

That clearly expressed the Ford line for the crucial days of delegate-winning—a line he believes was effective in his Ohio primary victory. It emphasizes the thesis that Reagan is unelectable, and that he will drag Republican candidates for offices from governor to alderman down with him. He reminds Republicans of "the tragedy of 1964... until that election, in the House of Representatives we had about 185 Republican members. After the election, we had 140." "Surely," he continues, "you're not going to let that happen again by letting the wrong person lead the ticket in November."

Reagan gave Ford his opening for the "extremist" charge by indicating, in response to a newsman's question two weeks ago in California, that he would not rule out sending U.S. troops to Rhodesia if asked to do so by that African nation's white minority government (TIME, June 14). Instead of letting Reagan simply suffer the consequences of his gaffe, Ford men junked the President's California TV commercials, substituted new ones playing on the theme that "Governor Reagan could not start a war. President Reagan could." The overkill did not benefit Ford in a state he had no chance to win in any event.

Although agreeing that Reagan cannot win the election, even so devoted a Ford adviser as Mel Laird seemed to take issue with the tactic of painting him as an extremist. "I don't consider Reagan an extremist," said Laird. "I think he's got greater popularity inside the Republican Party than any other candidate. Reagan is much more popular than Ford in the rank and file, but you can't win the election in that area. Declared Republicans make up only 17% to 19% of the electorate." The remark about Reagan's popularity was a startling admission from a member of the Ford inner circle.

While Ford plays his "Reagan can't win" record for the delegates, Reagan and his men argue that the precise opposite is true. They point to private polls that persuaded Reagan to enter the race in the first place. The polls showed Reagan ranking well ahead of Ford among Republicans on such personal traits as leadership and decisiveness.

Undeniably, Ford has rarely succeeded in appearing suffi-



As President Ford greeted enthusiastic supporters in Bowling Green, Ohio, last week, suddenly there was a flash, then an explosion. Their protective in-

stincts aroused, Secret Service bodyguards whirled Ford around and forced him into a sitting position on the ground. This time the explosion was merely that

of a flashcube in a young woman's camera, an accident. But for an awful instant, the President's face was beet red and bore a look of justifiable terror.

ciently "presidential." His huge budget deficits have doubtless offended many deep-dyed Republicans, and he has positioned himself on both sides of such embattled issues as tax reduction and antitrust enforcement. But he has also won support for his obvious decency and openness, and for the fact that the nation is at peace. If anything, he has not received enough credit for the surging economy. The fact that he is President has been reason enough for many Republicans to vote for him.

A far more polished campaigner, particularly on TV, Reagan appeals to a constituency that believes the U.S. has been "pushed around" because of a soft, conciliatory foreign policy. He is also perceived as more likely to penetrate the wall of unresponsiveness that many believe surrounds Washington—something that Ford, as a member of Congress for 25 years before becoming Vice President, either cannot or will not do. Reagan's campaign manager, John Sears, correctly senses another Reagan advantage and a Ford liability in the querulous mood of the country: "This may be a year when people don't know what they want, but they know they don't want what they've got."

Reagan also argues that Carter's anti-Washington appeal will work against Ford, but not against him. He points to sizable Democratic cross-over votes that enabled him to blank Ford in the Texas primary, and to his support elsewhere by the now leaderless Wallace following. By carrying California and Texas, in both of whose primaries he swamped Ford, and picking off some Southern states he has demonstrated that no other Republican could wrest from Carter. Reagan insists the Republicans would have a better chance to win with him as the candidate.

Although it is conceivable that Reagan could carry North Carolina and Virginia—and possibly Mississippi and Texas—against Carter, it is by no means certain. Should he also carry California, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, Indiana, South Dakota and Nebraska, in all of which he has strong but by no means unchallengeable strength, he would still be 117 electoral votes short of winning. He would be forced to make up some of that deficit in the electoral-vote-rich Northern and Midwestern industrial states, where his appeal seems weakest.

Finally, Reagan tries to sell himself as the only candidate with the campaigning skills and ability to articulate the issues that will be effective in a campaign against Carter. Ford seems to bolster that argument of Reagan's with virtually every campaign appearance. For example, last week in Ohio the President added to his repertoire of feckless rhetorical mannerisms by constantly referring to himself in the third person—"I'm confident that President Jerry Ford can be elected." Commented a telephone company executive in Findlay, Ohio: "He sounds like he's delivering a 'man who' nominating speech for somebody else."

In polls, Ford generally fares better than Reagan among all voters. In fact, in a Mervin Field poll published last week, Ford trailed Carter in California only 41-40, while Reagan was eight points in arrears—46-38. But both appear threatened by serious Republican defections to Carter. A New York Times/CBS survey of voters in Ohio and California and a Times survey of New Jersey voters showed that an astonishing 35% of Reagan and Ford

supporters plan to vote for Carter if their own favorite fails to win the G.O.P. nomination. This percentage would seem certain to shrink as passions cool following the nomination.

Supporters of both men scoff at the notion that a Democratic victory in November is anything like a foregone conclusion. Ford Campaign Chairman Rogers Morton insists that "fundamentally, this experience [the primary battles] has not been harmful to the President. It has given him a chance to demonstrate his ability to communicate with people, and his personal warmth."

Such an optimistic view runs counter to those expressed privately in the White House, which hold that the primaries have dangerously divided an already undersubscribed party, in which the conservative element has swollen in influence as moderates have fled the party. The very real fear of a number of Republican professionals is that President Ford, in painting Reagan as an extremist who cannot win, and Reagan, in depicting the President as too weak and indecisive to lead the nation effectively, may both turn out to have been all too persuasive.

SCRAMBLE FOR NO.2

For all the scorn heaped on the second office in the republic, the modern-day fact is that vice-presidential virus is only slightly less contagious than presidential fever. One reason is that four of our last eight Vice Presidents have become President. Nelson Rockefeller used to be openly contemptuous of the post, noting that he did not consider himself to be stand-by equipment; when the job was offered he quickly accepted it. Robert Kennedy in 1964 convinced his friends how really awful he thought it would be to serve as Lyndon Johnson's running mate. Not long afterward he tried, and failed, to muscle his way onto the ticket.

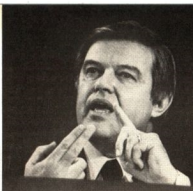
Henry Jackson, at 64 one of the most powerful members of the Senate, startled his closest advisers last week when he told them privately he wanted to be Jimmy Carter's running mate, but he does not think the Georgian will pick him. For his own part, Carter has a comfortable period of several weeks to consider Jackson and the growing list of names, many of which Carter knows far too little about—and, in some cases, too much. He is sure to keep the guessing game alive as a way to hold the spotlight until the convention. The Republicans know no such comfort: Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan are headed for a delegate battle that makes it difficult for either one to consider picking a running mate without the approval of the other.

There is a new and deep concern this year about the historically haphazard way in which the vice-presidential nominees are chosen—after George McGovern's 1972 fiasco with Senator Tom Eagleton, after the resignation of Spiro Agnew, after the ascension of unelected Gerald Ford. A study on the subject, released this week by Harvard's Kennedy Institute, maintained that "the present selection practices contain an inherent and unacceptable degree of risk." The odds are now 1 to 2, the study judges, that the Vice President will one day become President.

Although the prestige of the office seems to be returning to



WALTER MONDALE OF MINNESOTA



FRANK CHURCH OF IDAHO



JOHN GLENN OF OHIO

the level that its founders saw in it, choosing the man has remained chaotic, and as the report puts it, too often left to the "personal judgment of the nominee, a judgment often exercised rapidly and in confusion in the small hours of the morning." The report urges that the process be more public and that there be sufficient time for background checks on the candidates.

Carter has the time for all of that. He has stated he wants the man most qualified to take over the office. He also is searching for someone who can fill gaps in his own experience and run strong in areas of the country where Carter has not—for example, the Far West and Northeast. The two candidates who best fit that strategy, in the minds of professional politicians, are both Senators: Minnesota's Walter Mondale, 48, and Idaho's Frank Church, 51. Mondale, a cool, skillful legislator and campaigner, would provide Carter wide bridges to labor and liberals, where the Georgian is still uneasily feeling his way. Mondale is also strong with Jewish leaders.

The usually studious Church surprised many with his affable, winning campaign style that defeated Carter handily in the West. He is a longtime member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and his knowledge of world affairs meets a large Carter need. The only visible deficit that accompanies Mondale and Church: they do not bring Carter the possible reward of big-state electoral votes.

Two Senators who do are Ohio's John Glenn and Adlai Stevenson of Illinois. Hero Glenn, who radiates waves of integrity, has large voter appeal but only two years of Senate experience. Stevenson offers more intellectual resources. Like Glenn, he would help deliver his home state, although Stevenson is considered a dreary campaigner.

Other possibilities: Indiana Senator Birch Bayh, who is a liberal-labor favorite, but showed himself a shallow, inept candidate in the primaries; Jackson, who would draw Jewish support but was even more dead on the stump than Bayh; and Maine's Senator Ed Muskie, who is a tested leader, but is seen as a failed candidate since his 1972 flop. Two men unlikely to be considered are Congressman Mo Udall, who pointedly pricked the usually controlled Carter temper the last couple of months, and California Governor Jerry Brown, who Carter staffers say has been flatly ruled out on the basis of too little experience and too much eccentricity. Carter's advisers say both blacks and women are being considered: Detroit Mayor Coleman Young and Texas Congresswoman Barbara Jordan are two of the names being floated. The most prominent Democrat on the anticipated Carter list, Senator

Edward Kennedy, probably will not be approached, although Carter will court him heavily in hopes of having him campaign actively for the ticket.

The Republicans are lurching toward not only a presidential showdown, but a real dilemma about the second slot. With 1,000 or more Reagan delegates on the floor, the convention is sure to have a conservative set of mind. The President cannot afford to antagonize Reagan, and yet Ford's advisers say he does not want the Californian on the ticket. He considers Reagan too far to the right to provide the proper ideological balance. But if Ford is nominated by only a skimpy margin, he faces two unappealing options: he can buck the Reagan delegates and dare to pick his own man, or he can throw open the second spot to the convention floor, which will surely regard Reagan favorably.

Ford, if nominated, has another predicament: Democratic Front-Runner Carter has turned the usual G.O.P. universe topsy-turvy. Carter runs strongest in the favorite Republican areas of the South and border states. Ford must decide whether to challenge Carter there by picking a running mate like Howard Baker or William Brock, the two attractive Tennessee Senators, or perhaps the glamorous John Connally. The Texan dwarfs the two Senators as a campaigner, but he burdens Ford with his wheeler-dealer reputation. As a convert from the Democrats, he is now seen as a political turncoat.

Should Ford instead pursue a Northern strategy? In that case he would consider the sturdy but uncolorful Elliot Richardson, Secretary of Commerce, or Maryland Senator Mac Mathias, or Ed Brooke, black Senator from Massachusetts, or even the tireless warrior, Nelson Rockefeller, now 67.

If Reagan is the nominee, the vice-presidential problems, at least, seem less wrenching. Reagan has stated that his running mate must share his own philosophy. He might reach out himself for the flamboyant Connally with whom he has maintained useful lines of communication. But since Reagan runs best in the South and Southwest, this suggests someone instead from the Midwest as a partner. Moderate Senator Charles Percy of Illinois presumably would be eliminated on the basis of incompatibility. Ohio's Bob Taft throws off too few sparks, but Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, a spirited speaker, would be a possibility, as would Iowa Governor Robert Ray. Some Reagan delegates, intoxicated by a convention victory, might even set their sights on another top candidate from the Midwest, a likable man with solid experience: Gerald Ford.

HOWARD BAKER OF TENNESSEE



ELLIOT RICHARDSON OF MASSACHUSETTS



JOHN CONNALLY OF TEXAS



THOSE MESSY PRIMARIES WORKED WELL

It was the windup of the most costly, complicated and exhausting round of presidential primaries the U.S. had ever put on. Between 6 a.m. last Feb. 24 in New Hampshire and 8 p.m. last Tuesday in California, some 25 million Americans had voted in 31 primaries—the most ever. By direct vote they chose about 75%—also the most ever—of all the Democratic and Republican delegates who will sit in the nominating conventions this summer. The marathon had cost the candidates and the taxpayers at least \$65 million. The process had left many a numb politician and citizen wondering if there is not a better way to choose the people who will run for President.

There is, in fact, a lot to be said for the U.S. primary system, especially if a little more system could be put into it. In 1976 it has clearly designated the Democratic nominee, Jimmy Carter. It swiftly screened out the least serious Democratic candidates (Shriver, Shapp, Harris, Bentsen). It told two aging warriors (Humphrey, Jackson) to forget about the White House. It gave some national exposure to three interesting Westerners (Brown, Udall, Church). It ended the influence of George Wallace as a national political figure. A very respectable hundred days' work.

On the Republican side, the primaries could not produce a clear-cut winner, and this was a significant result in itself. The primary process made it possible for an ex-Governor who had never held national office to mount a formidable campaign against a sitting President. Whatever the merits and flaws of Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan, it is bracing in a democracy to see the powers of incumbency so effectively challenged. Only yesterday Richard Nixon, John Dean, etc., were dreaming up schemes to "maximize the incumbency."

The 31 state primaries put a premium on at least five qualities that are pertinent to the presidency:

- ▶ Physical stamina.
- ▶ Organizing ability. The deployment of money, staff and the candidate's own precious time through a 31-primary season is a real test of planning skills, grasp of detail and decisiveness.
- ▶ Coolness. The capacity to recover from a gaffe, react calmly to a reverse, adjust to the unexpected.
- ▶ The ability to explain, project, sell: by TV, in print, in person; to factory workers, suburbanites, blacks, students, farmers, Southerners, Yankees. Also known as the quality of leadership.
- ▶ A sense of humor.

In the last category the hands-down winner among the Democrats was Mo Udall. In all the other categories Jimmy Carter swept the field.

Nobody would claim that the primary process illuminates all the major presidential attributes in character and intellect. It does not tell much about the all-important ability to select and attract talent; primary campaigns can go a long way (Carter, Reagan) with surprisingly small staffs of home-state intimates.

The highest value of the primaries, however, is precisely the one that the reformers hoped for when the experiment was introduced in Wisconsin (1905) and Oregon (1910): broad popular participation in the choice of presidential (and other) nominees, less of a voice for the bosses and machines. The older breed of pros were scornful. Harry Truman called primaries a lot of "eye-wash." For years, the state caucuses and conventions and the national nominating conventions remained dominant. The organization people on the floor and in the back rooms, the powerful Governors and state chairmen, though mindful of primary results, generally kept the last word.

One of the first decisive primaries was probably Kennedy's victory over Humphrey in West Virginia in 1960, though J.F.K. entered in only seven states. Goldwater over Rockefeller in California in 1964 was another historic primary, as was McGovern over Humphrey in California in 1972. More and more states have gone over to the primary system in the past two elections. Carter's showing in Pennsylvania was his biggest single day, but his unassailable claim to the nomination is that he entered in 30

out of 31 and won 19. So the primaries, though they will not always produce the final candidate, and will not tell everything the country wants to know about him, have really arrived in 1976 as a continental system, a unique U.S. political invention.

How could the invention be improved? More clarity and equity should be introduced into a bewildering body of law. The frivolous or mischievous crossover should be outlawed; in 13 states it is still possible for a Democrat to vote in the Republican primary, or vice versa, simply because he is bored with the contest in his own party or wants to help the other party choose its weakest candidate. Winner-take-all, still allowed by the Republicans in California and seven other states, should give way to the fairer system, which is proportional representation, or a mixture of p.r. delegates-at-large plus winner-take-all in districts. The Pennsylvania G.O.P. arbitrarily obliges all delegates to run uncommitted. There should be simpler ballots and clearer designation

AND THEN, SIR, THE QUESTION ALL AMERICA WANTS TO KNOW: IS THE PRIMARY SYSTEM GOING TO REPLACE BASEBALL AS THE NATIONAL PASTIME?



of delegates' affiliations in several states (New Jersey and New York are notorious), where even with "palm cards" voters are not quite sure what they are doing.

One much-discussed reform would be regional voting, in which all the New England states, for instance, would agree to hold their primaries (or conventions) on a single day, then the Southeast would run its primaries two weeks later. Perhaps all regions could be persuaded to concentrate the voting from, say, mid-March to mid-June. This would certainly save the candidates some money and energy, and would lessen spectator fatigue. It might also diminish the chance for publicity flukes and exaggerated attention to relatively minor results. It all has a nice orderly sound and considerable support in Congress. The difficulty is that New Hampshire enjoys leading off all by itself, and California likes the Super Bowl glory at the end. All the states persist in not thinking of themselves as provinces in a region.

The trend probably is toward modest reform and refinements, and even more than 31 primaries in 1980. About the only thing that could change that prospect would be if the hero of the 1976 primaries, the triumphant Jimmy Carter, were to lose in a landslide to a candidate emerging from a brokered Republican Convention. Meanwhile, Jimmy, showing more wit than he is sometimes credited with, says of the primary system: "I think it's an absolutely superb process."



S.I. HAYAKAWA IN HIS TAM

CALIFORNIA

The Fresh-Faced Elder

He will be 70 next month, has no previous political experience, raised far less money than his main rivals, could not afford television commercials, has a rambling speaking style, and sometimes seems so bemused that he is said to wink by opening one eye. Because such conventional debits count for little in this eccentric campaign year, S.I. (for Samuel Ichio) Hayakawa last week won the Republican Senate nomination in California.

It was no squeak-through victory against a patsy, either. Running against three serious opponents, Hayakawa achieved a comfortable eleven-point plurality over Robert Finch, 50, his principal adversary. Finch, once a close friend of Richard Nixon's, was California's top vote getter ten years ago when he won the lieutenant governorship. Later he served as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in the Nixon Administration.

There was little difference between the candidates' campaign pitches—both followed mildly conservative lines—and the rivals agreed in explaining the results. "I wasn't really surprised," Hayakawa said as the votes were counted. "Disillusionment with politics helped me. I have no 100s to the political buddy system."

Hayakawa does candidly acknowledge his debt to the student riots of the late '60s. A semanticist with an excel-

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

Jobs: The Non-Issue of 1976

By traditional measure the 6,860,000 Americans who were unemployed last month should have been a big, painful political lump demanding the ministrations of Henry ("Scoop") Jackson or Hubert Horatio Humphrey. Those two were ready, bags filled with nostrums.

But when Jimmy Carter won in Ohio, Scoop was afiel in Queens, N.Y., trying to salvage the vice presidency out of his primary defeats. Some place over Pennsylvania his cry of "Jobs, jobs, jobs—that's the only issue in this campaign" drifted toward oblivion. A beefy union patron sat in morose silence at the time of that Jackson defeat and spoke to the point: "Whatever made him think that work was such a big deal?" It is a big deal, but not like it was in previous campaigns.

Hubert Humphrey was at the Kennedy Center watching the Australian Ballet when the network prognosticators awarded the nomination to Carter. The light went out in Humphrey's dimming star. He had run hard with his new thing, the Humphrey-Hawkins Bill, a dubious device that he believes will virtually eliminate unemployment by forcing the Government to guarantee a job to every person who wants one. Experts like Economist Charles Schultz are concerned that the bill, while forcing down unemployment, would force up inflation. There is the danger, too, of creating a Rube Goldberg scheme that would founder in its own complexity, or else produce, as Schultz warns, the kind of low-grade make-work that would add up to "a very unattractive program." No matter. Humphrey waved it before his audiences at every crossroads, easily won the nostalgia vote with his exuberance, but he never could get a grip on all that discontent out in the country that was defined each month by the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Now we see that the single greatest miscalculation in politics so far this year was the assumption that the old jobs issue would play again in Peoria. The image out of the Depression years returns like the grasshopper every time the unemployment figures rise, and the old pols begin to remember former glories. This year they hit the road with their worn scripts, conjuring grim visions of Herbert Hoover and the Bonus Army. Other politicians, academicians and analysts, all with the same backgrounds, nodded sagely in agreement. A vast majority of the American people, totally engaged in their everyday lives, knew better.

We saw how those programs of welfare, social security, unemployment compensation, job retraining and food stamps worked well. Real suffering was prevented. Then the recession bottomed out, and we began to climb out of the trough. Though unemployment remained high, the favorable trend reduced the national fear about joblessness.

The experts are beginning to see other images in the welter of statistics. The most important is that during this recession, most of the people who were unemployed soon went back to work. That old picture, first from Europe and then from America in the 1930s, of huddled misery, month after month, year after year, was wrong. It could be, when we finally write the definitive analysis of this period, that as few as half a million people who were employable, who really wanted and sought jobs, and who had really been unemployed long enough to undergo hardship, were still out of work this spring, though the unemployment figures were near 7 million. This does not ease the misery of people genuinely affected by the recession. But political effects come from mass emotion; that response never appeared.

At the White House the experts built a picture of the American economy as a giant churning machine, which constantly reached out and pulled workers in, sometimes discarding them, but always pumping. Political emotion generated by unemployment reached higher levels in Washington, where it is only a statistical phenomenon, than out in the country, where people went back to work before they got bitter.

In the congressional offices, some of the analysts believe that Government benefits may have been too high, discouraging some people from going to work but not encouraging them to vote for the jobs issue. The women's movement—which produced more two-income households—was cited as another reason why unemployment lacked political urgency. Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, even mused that a lot of experts overlooked the important role of the automobile. The incredible mobility of the American worker destroyed the conventional theories. Added a White House economic strategist, "Unemployment statistics can no longer be used as an index of hardship." For this season anyway, that may be the epitaph of the old jobs issue as politicians have known and loved it.

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Saratoga 120's

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15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

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The Renault 5 has untinted body and chassis plus factory-applied rustproofing and undercoating. Simply put, this car is built to last. Which is one big reason why 1,200,000 Europeans bought one.

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— Dan Jedlicka, Syndicated Automotive Columnist, "Chicago Sun-Times"

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The finely appointed
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When you own a '76 Concorso, you get the most luxurious compact we've ever made.

The luxury starts inside with a rich plush interior, a fold-down center armrest up front, rosewood vinyl trim, tasteful color coordination of seats, carpets, headliner and instrument panel, and map pockets in the carpeted lower front door panels.

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Why not take advantage of this rare opportunity to move to a refined compact with comfort, space and elegance.

Chevrolet

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THE NATION

lent reputation among academics, Hayakawa was approaching retirement age in 1968 when he was made acting president of San Francisco State College. The school had been sundered by violent demonstrations. Short, normally mild of mien and sporting a tam-o'-shanter, Hayakawa became an instant celebrity when he summoned riot police to the campus and suppressed the radical uprising. At one point the scholar personally ripped the wires from the protesters' public address system in mid-diatribes. Today he says: "I had to become an effective college president in five minutes. I'm still living off the television time I got in 1968, 1969 and 1970."

In quelling the troublemakers and reopening the school, Hayakawa became something of a hero to conservatives and was appointed San Francisco State's regular president. His entry into Republican politics was hindered by one detail: he was an enrolled Democrat, a flaw that he did not remedy until three years ago.

Japanese Analogy. Republican voters this year seemed unconcerned by his late coming to their party. If Hayakawa's campaign rhetoric was less than sensational, Finch's was downright dull. Hayakawa answered questions about his age with an allusion to his ancestral homeland: "Before World War II in Japan they killed off all the older politicians. All that were left were the damn fools who attacked Pearl Harbor. I think that this country needs elder statesmen too." If that rather strained analogy does not help, the age issue is reduced by the fact that he still tap-dances and fences.

While the Republicans were willing to accept a quirky non-pol, Democratic voters chose the competent if bland alternative. They renominated Incumbent John Tunney, 41, who withstood a rough challenge from Tom Hayden, once the kind of radical youth leader warred upon by Hayakawa.

The Democratic contest got downright nasty. Hayden's wife, Jane Fonda, played on the divorced Tunney's playboy image by insinuating that he dated teen-agers. Tunney's supporters made cracks about Hayden's financial dependence on Jane and her show-biz friends. During a TV debate in which the candidates were questioned by newsmen, Tunney was asked if he indeed took out adolescents. "I dated when I was a teenager," he deadpanned. When Hayden asked Tunney why he accepted certain campaign contributions, Tunney shot back: "Because I didn't have a wife who gave me \$381,000."

Now Hayakawa, the aged neophyte, must compete against another youngish pro. Considering the burden of incumbency in this year's anti-Washington, anti-bureaucracy atmosphere, Tunney's fall could be as difficult as his spring has been. And Sam Hayakawa might just become a venerable freshman.

THE CONGRESS

What Liz Ray Has Wrought

Watching her patient come out of a coma, the nurse asked a traditional question: "Do you know where you are?" Congressman Wayne Hays nodded. "Where?" she persisted. Slowly, stretching out the word, he replied: "Barnes . . . ville." Hays had survived an excessive dose of sleeping pills, mind undamaged, and would keep his place at the center of a congressional scandal that grew still more lurid last week.

Whether Hays had purposefully tried to end his life—and his agony—was not immediately clear. Richard Phillips, Hays' family physician and friend, had prescribed Dalmane, a standard "hypnotic agent" or soporific, be-

an intensive care unit by ambulance. At first, Phillips insisted that the weakened Hays, who is 65, had merely overreacted to a Dalmane pill. After the patient was out of danger, the doctor had another reading: "There is no question that he overdosed, but to say whether it was accidental or purposeful at this time would be pure speculation." Associates both in Ohio and on Capitol Hill said that Hays had been despondent. His wife's cold anger over his hanky-panky particularly shook him. He talked about committing suicide if his legal and political troubles worsened.

Worsen they did. The ripples of Eliz-



DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSMAN JOHN YOUNG AND FORMER STAFF MEMBER COLLEEN GARDNER
In the Washington sex scandal, the question was who would be next.

cause the besieged Congressman was understandably tense. Hays also had been eating little and was suffering from diverticulitis, an intestinal ailment.

His Ohio constituents had just renominated him for a 15th House term—the margin over a feeble opponent was much smaller than usual—but Hays' Democratic colleagues gave him a resounding vote of no confidence. They stripped him permanently of the chairmanship of his party's Congressional Campaign Committee, and were ready to dislodge him from his other place of power, the House Administration Committee.

Suicide Talk. After swallowing that defeat, Hays returned to his lavishly furnished farmhouse in Belmont County, Ohio, late Wednesday night and took an undetermined amount of Dalmane. The next morning his wife Pat could not rouse him. He was rushed to

abeth Ray's profitable true-confessions caper continued to spread. The FBI, TIME discovered last week, had landed a current version of Watergate's Deep Throat. This anonymous source, who might be tagged Jack the Tipster, has taken to calling the FBI three to four times a day. In tones of outrage, Jack has demonstrated pinpoint knowledge about some of Capitol Hill's darker corners. Investigators believe that he may be a member of Congress or a legislative aide. "Whoever he is," says one official involved in the inquiry, "he's delivering the goods."

For instance, Jack put the FBI on the trail of another young woman who worked for Hays a few years ago. Interviewed by FBI agents, she said that she got on the congressional payroll only after consenting to have sex with Hays several times a week. She quit when Hays suggested lunchtime cop-

THE NATION

ulation on his desk top. This source has also told investigators that Hays and other members of Congress cooperated in putting potentially embarrassing employees on each other's staffs. The clear implication: a few lawmakers were engaged in mutual back scratching to cover up payroll padding.

Griddle Company. The FBI investigation is not stopping at taxpayer-subsidized sex. Hays' use of Government funds while on congressional junkets overseas is also under scrutiny. There have been reports that Hays bought antiques, paintings and Oriental rugs with expense-account money. His press secretary denies this, and says that Hays can produce canceled checks to show that he paid for these costly items himself.

Though it was no consolation to Hays, he was getting company on the griddle last week. Armed with a book containing pictures of all members of Congress, FBI agents have been interviewing hotel desk clerks, among others, to discover Ray's other playmates. Another cozy arrangement came to light when Colleen Gardner, 30, decided to tell much, if not all. A former secretary to Congressman John Young, 59, a Texas Democrat, Gardner claims that she received large pay raises—her salary had gone from \$8,500 to nearly \$26,000 when she quit in March—on condition that she sleep with the boss. She was also friendly with a few of Young's friends. Unlike Ray, Gardner is a qualified and apparently conscientious office worker. In a New York *Times* interview she said: "It wouldn't have been so bad going to bed with him, if he'd at least have let me work. But he wouldn't. He wanted me to be available to him whenever he wanted."

Young says that the taxpayers got full value for the dollars paid to Gardner.

The scandal threatened to touch still others in Washington. At week's end Gardner said that in 1972 or '73 she had stumbled upon Alaska Democratic Senator Mike Gravel making love to Ray on a houseboat owned by former Congressman Kenneth Gray of Illinois, Ray's ex-boss. Gravel denied the accusation. Meanwhile, Ray preened in a strange celebrity status that made her seem a combination of Virginia Hill and Typhoid Mary. She attracted stares and journalists at every stop. But when she showed up at Duke Zeibert's last week, at least 20 men, by one count, headed toward the restaurant's back door, apparently dreading signs of recognition.

SEQUELS

To a Dumpy New Life

"You've got hope and you've got life." Such was the consolation offered to 15-year-old Caril Ann Fugate 17 years ago by her grandmother just after the sobbing teen-ager was sentenced by a Nebraska court to life imprisonment. The court had found her guilty of aiding Charles Starkweather in one of the most savage and sensational crimes of the 1950s: a two-day rampage of murder and violence that trailed blood across two states and left ten dead in its wake. True to her grandmother's sage prophecy, Caril last week was given her freedom.

The Starkweather murder spree, which inspired the 1974 movie *Badlands*, began in January 1958, in Lincoln, Neb. For no apparent reason, the 19-year-old bandy-legged high school

dropout shot to death Caril's mother and stepfather and clubbed to death her two-year-old half sister in the family's rundown frame house. The two teen-agers quickly went from killing to killing, all without motive. The victims: a 70-year-old bachelor farmer, a teen-age couple, a well-to-do industrialist, his wife and his maid, and a traveling salesman. The epidemic of shootings turned Lincoln into a horrified city under siege. People were afraid to go to work or even take out the garbage. Some townsmen were armed and deputized to patrol the streets. Eventually authorities nabbed the two desperadoes in Wyoming.

Loaded Guns. Starkweather was the first to stand trial; he was found guilty of murder and was executed on June 25, 1959—the last person to be electrocuted by Nebraska. Throughout her trial, Caril pleaded her innocence, insisting that she was held hostage by the crazed boy and feared for her life if she tried to leave him. Charlie, however, told the jury that she was a willing participant in the killings and could have escaped a number of times when he left her alone with loaded guns. The jury apparently agreed with Starkweather.

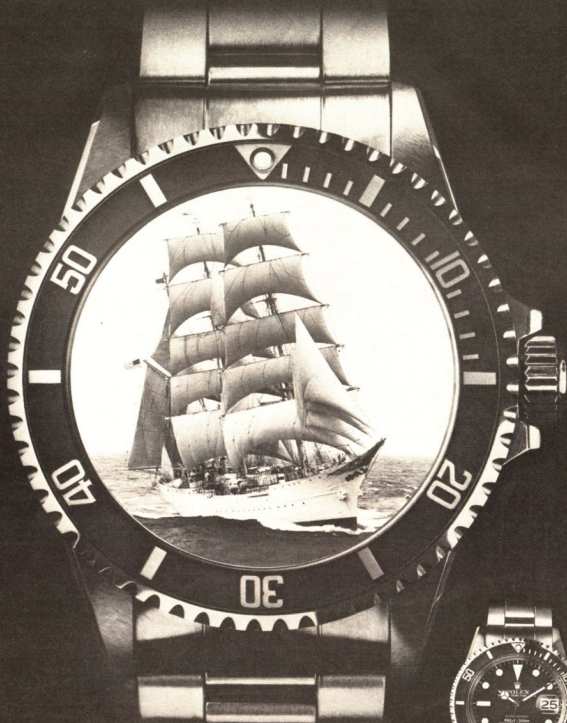
While Caril's attorneys filed petitions requesting a new trial, she busied herself at the Nebraska Center for Women, completing her high school education, reading more than 1,000 books, getting instructions in sewing, and writing a regular "Dear Gabby" column in the institution's paper. Her spotless record earned her the privilege of going bowling, swimming and (occasionally) shopping in the town of York. After exhausting her remedies for retrial, Caril began seeking a reduction in her life sentence. Three years ago, the Nebraska Parole Board, citing "her age at the time of the tragic event," recommended commutation of the sentence; it was later cut to 30 to 50 years, thus making her eligible for the parole that was granted last week.

At Caril's recent hearing, there were no objections to her petition for freedom. Testified the Nebraska Center's Superintendent Jacqueline Crawford: "Whether she's guilty or innocent is irrelevant. Nebraska has got its pound of flesh." It took the board only ten minutes to reach the decision that Caril is to be released on June 20. Dressed in white, her brown hair freshly curled, she cried as she walked into the room, while the small audience applauded. Caril will settle in Clinton County, Mich., where a family has promised her assistance and a clerical job. She will report regularly to a parole office in St. Johns and if necessary, assume a new identity. Her ambition in her new life? As she told the board last week, "I'd just like to settle down, get married, have a couple of kids, dust the house, clean the toilet, be just an ordinary little dumpy housewife. That's all I want to be."



CARIL AFTER HER 1958 ARREST & NOW
A most savage and sensational crime.





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ROLEX



HEAVY SMOKE RISING FROM HUGE FIRE BEHIND SEASHORE APARTMENT BUILDINGS IN BATTLE-SCARRED BEIRUT LAST WEEK

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST

A Shaky Compromise in Lebanon

After months of fruitless effort to bring peace to strife-ridden Lebanon, Syria last week upped the ante with a massive military intervention in an all-out attempt to enforce a long-elusive *Pax Syriana*. Instead of calming the situation, the move at first brought Damascus into bloody conflict with its erstwhile ally, the Palestinian guerrilla movement, and forced it into an unwanted, possibly only temporary, compromise in which other Arab states are sending token forces into Lebanon.

By week's end the Syrian initiative seemed to have brought the conflict to a new stage. As Arab troops from several countries began to arrive in Lebanon, the Palestine Liberation Organization (P.L.O.) announced that a ceasefire had been arranged in Beirut and that Syria would begin a phased withdrawal of its forces. By week's end, Damascus had not confirmed any agreement to a cease-fire, and no observers in the Middle East thought that the Syrians were about to pull out more than a token number of their forces. Nonetheless, reports from Beirut indicated that the fighting was diminishing as the Pan-Arab contingents began separating Syrian from Palestinian and leftist Moslem forces. Once again, faint hopes for peace stirred in the prostrate country.

Cease-Fire. In many ways, however, Syrian President Hafez Assad's decision to force a solution in Lebanon gave the conflict a potentially more dangerous dimension than it had had during the 14 months of fighting between Lebanese leftists, who are allied with the

Palestinians, and Christian rightists. The Syrian incursion openly brought several Arab regimes into an arena in which they had all along been playing covert and opposing roles. There was thus the danger that Lebanon would remain a theater of quarrels between the moderate and radical Arab states now directly intervening in the country. The rightist Christians in Lebanon, meanwhile, were distrustful of the Pan-Arab peace-keeping force. Moreover, with the Palestinian-Moslem leftist alliance worried about a sellout of its interests and the Israelis ever watchful of threats to their security, the emerging new balance remained at best fragile, the most recent ceasefire as shaky and uncertain as all those that preceded it.

The latest developments really originated in the occupation by Assad's forces of the center of Lebanon's strategic Bekaa Valley earlier this month (TIME, June 14). That move, at first conducted with limited forces, firmly convinced the Lebanese left that Syria's sympathies lay with Lebanon's hard-pressed Christian rightists. For the bulk of Yasser Arafat's P.L.O., the move was incontrovertible proof that Damascus was intent on emasculating the fedayeen in their last haven in the Arab world, as part of a more subtle movement toward an eventual wider settlement with Israel. As the Palestinians saw it, a "final confrontation" was brewing, the equivalent of King Hussein's bloody Black September suppression of the fedayeen in Jordan six years ago.

Even as Syrian troops consolidated

their positions in the Bekaa, across the 9,000-ft. Lebanon range from Beirut, bitter skirmishes erupted in the besieged capital, not so much between old Moslem and Christian antagonists, but instead between the mainstream of the P.L.O. and elements of Saïqa, the one Palestinian group under Syrian tutelage. In some of the heaviest fighting in weeks, Saïqa troopers, many of them regular Syrian soldiers in Saïqa uniforms, were driven from the city itself. They did, however, hold on to strategic positions around Beirut airport, from which they shelled leftist-controlled sectors of the capital. Already emaciated by months of bitter urban warfare, Beirut was on its knees when the truce came, its hospitals filled to overflowing, its power supply cut, and gasoline in short supply. The Syrian hold on the airport, reinforced by airdrops of troops, blocked the main access routes to Beirut from the south and east. Not surprisingly, reconciliation talks between the warring Lebanese factions, which had just got under way, collapsed.

Tough Going. If Assad needed further persuasion to intervene, the inter-Palestinian violence provided it. Spearheaded by armor, Syrian troops rolled out of the Bekaa toward Beirut, grinding up into the mountains in long columns. The going was unexpectedly tough. The tanks easily dissolved the first defensive position established by the joint forces of the Lebanese left and Palestinian commandos, near the pass where the curving Damascus-Beirut highway crosses the Lebanon range. Then the push ran into

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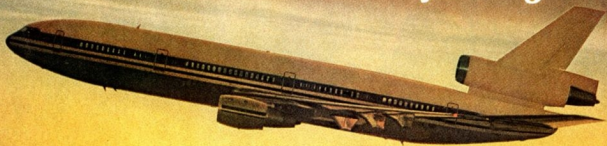
Of course you might cause a slight lowering of voices and raising of eyebrows.

Common folk tend to do that sort of thing.



Try it on the rocks.

"How was your flight?"



"Great! I was on a 10."

The DC-10
MCDONNELL DOUGLAS 

trouble: at the small hill resort of Sofar, some 15 miles from Beirut, concentrated anti-tank fire knocked out at least three tanks. The Syrians punched through, however, and dug in strong tank and infantry formations just outside another hill resort, Bhamdoun, only twelve miles from Beirut.

On a second axis, Syrian armor clanked south and west toward the port city of Sidon. One column penetrated the city, only to lose eight vehicles in a short,

sharp fight. In the far north, Syrian forces were said to be holding outside the city of Tripoli; according to one report, Syrian gunboats shelled the leftist-held Lebanese airbase at Qlayat, on the coast between Tripoli and the Syrian border.

At the height of the Syrian military thrust, the number of Syrian army regulars on Lebanese soil rose to roughly 14,000, supported by up to 500 tanks and vast supply columns that poured across the border. The road to Beirut was

clogged with massive tank transports hauling Soviet-built T-55s and T-62s. The entire 3rd Syrian armored division, with an estimated 450 tanks, had entered Lebanon; in addition, the Damascus high command appeared to be drawing on elements of a second division. "We will send our army anywhere necessary to achieve our objectives," one high-ranking Syrian official told TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn.

At the same time, however, the Syr-

On the Road from Damascus

Both TIME's Middle East Correspondent Wilton Wynn and Athens Reporter Dean Breilis were with the Syrian forces as they drove toward Beirut last week. Excerpts from their eyewitness accounts:

The town of Sofar, 45 minutes' driving time from Beirut in the cool Lebanon mountains, has long been a favorite summer resort, both for wealthy Lebanese and Arabs from neighboring lands. It was there last week that the advancing Syrians met their first real resistance. On Tuesday, reports Wynn, the town was battle-scarred. Along the Beirut-Damascus highway, corrugated shutters of shop after shop were curled up from the shelling. Many of the cypress trees that once sheltered vacationing strollers had been smashed to splinters. Testimony to the Palestinian resistance was provided by three burned-out tanks that lay beside the road.

On the highway and on the hills flanking it was a massive concentration of tanks, transport, bulldozers, communications vehicles and Jeeps. Along the route I saw at least 200 tanks, and no doubt many more were parked beyond my vision. About a dozen miles from Beirut, I walked to a point where a phalanx of tanks lined the rim of a hill, their guns pointing down to another resort town, Bhamdoun. A Syrian officer stood atop one of the tanks, and, as we talked,

machine guns mounted on the next tank began blazing away. Leftist forces still held Bhamdoun, and the Syrians were shooting at any suspicious movements to keep them off balance.

The Syrians were digging in just short of Bhamdoun, waiting for reinforcements and fresh supplies. I asked a major about their next move. "In three days," he boasted, "I will be able to drive you to Beirut."

The drive to Beirut is normally a pleasant three-hour trip, but there was a lonely feeling the morning I left Damascus, cabled Breilis. Once beyond the city limits, I began running into military convoys, also headed for Beirut. First glance suggested rear-echelon troops; then several big trucks appeared hauling empty trailers—the type that haul out crippled tanks. I began studying the faces of the mechanics in the back of the trucks. There was no singing, but some of the solemn young draftees looked as if they were enjoying their work; others seemed locked in thoughts about other places they would rather be.

In the cold mountain passes across the border, Syrian infantrymen were bundled up in winter-issue overcoats. As I drove nearer to Beirut, the army seemed to be everywhere. Several damaged tanks—three bearing scars of rocket hits—were on flat-bed trailer trucks

heading back toward the border; Red Crescent ambulances raced by with wounded in the back. Scores of Russian T-62 tanks and artillery were dug in on ridges. Every so often the troops would turn up their transistor radios, and the sounds of popular Arabic songs brought smiles to tough expressions. The litter of empty shell casings stacked neatly by buildings showed that, when there had been fighting, it had been fierce, quick, terrible.

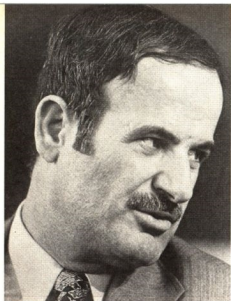
At the Syrian front line—roughly twelve miles from Beirut's sea front when I visited it—there were no preparations for an assault. The Syrian area commander said that the operation had gone ahead precisely on schedule.

Moving eastward through an area of rough cliffs and canyons known as The Barouk, I gradually encountered Lebanese elements. One stretch of the road and surrounding tactical points were in control of Leftist Leader Kamal Jumblatt's supporters; the next few miles were in the hands of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, then Fatah, then Jumblatt's men and so on. The areas seemed like ministates. Every mile or so, I encountered surprisingly young men cradling polished AK-47s, rocket launchers and sundry other weapons; shoulder patches identified the units to which they belonged. There is no point in this land that is not under someone's gun. There is no exact way of knowing into whose area you are heading and where it changes—but they know.

PROCESSION OF SYRIAN TANKS MAKES ITS WAY ACROSS LEBANON TOWARD BEIRUT

CATHERINE LEWIS—GEOVIA





SYRIAN PRESIDENT HAFEZ ASSAD
A different dimension.

ians had second thoughts about their political isolation from most of the Arab world over the Lebanon adventure. High Libyan and Algerian officials had arrived in Damascus to help mediate a way out of the bitter crisis that pitted Arab against Arab. Addressing a conference of Arab League foreign ministers in Cairo, Yasser Arafat lambasted the Syrians, accusing them of planning a "massacre" in Lebanon. The session approved a resolution for the formation of an inter-Arab security force to replace the Syrian army in Lebanon.

After that, the leaders of Syria's National Progressive Front, the coalition of leftist parties that runs the country, agreed to invite token forces from other Arab states to join the Syrian army in Lebanon. It was a sharp switch in policy: all along, Damascus had insisted on going it alone in a part of the Middle East that it considers to be within its own sphere of influence. In a bit of rare personal diplomacy, Assad telephoned two Arab leaders on the radical side of the fence, Libya's Muammar Gaddafi and Algeria's Houari Boumedienne, to enlist backing. Both promised to send troops—symbolic units, as Damascus quickly pointed out—to join the Syrians. Confronted by that *fait accompli*, the Arab League pitched in, announcing with an obvious bow to Arab moderates that two other countries, Saudi Arabia and the Sudan, would also contribute forces.

It was a neat compromise: the Syrians agreed to demand from other Arabs for "Arabization" of the crisis, while remaining the pre-eminent force. Although the prospect of a Pan-Arab peace-keeping force did not please Lebanese Christian leaders, the presence of troops from Algeria and Libya, both hard-line members of the Arab "rejection front," would provide the Lebanese left and the Palestinians with insurance against a Syrian force play; the inclusion

THE WORLD

of Saudi and Sudanese units would bolster the moderates.

Throughout a week of fast-moving developments, Israel kept close tabs on events north of its often troubled border with Lebanon. "It is not our business," Assistant Defense Minister Israel Tal said somewhat unconvincingly. "We have nothing to do with this war." Yet the Israelis had difficulty disguising their delight over the initial Syrian crunch against the Palestinians—as well as a slight case of nerves at the prospect of potential Syrian control of all of Lebanon.

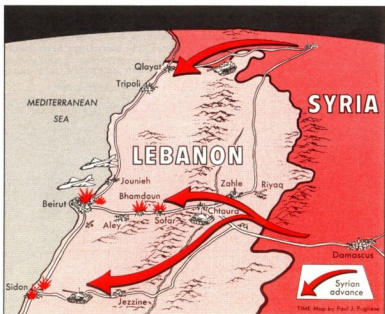
Now, with the possibility of at least a partial Syrian withdrawal, some Israeli fears might be assuaged. But there will no doubt be new ones with the presence of "rejection front" troops in a neighboring country. Indeed, if the Arabs begin to build up their forces, there will certainly be pressures within Israel for a mobilization. In view of the new situation, the U.S. and Israel consulted more actively than usual, and Washington was in regular contact with Damascus, complete with occasional "impressions" of Israel's views. "We are in touch with the Israelis and the Syrians, and we are trying to broker this thing," one top security official explained.

If that smelled of the kind of anti-Palestinian plot of which the fedayeen have been accusing Syria, Israel and the U.S., Washington sources were quick to deny any complicity. "We could not have figured this one out if we had tried to, and we have people working day and night," said a top U.S. analyst. "The Arabs did it all by themselves." Washington officials said that Syria had not consulted the U.S. about its intentions, nor did the U.S. have anything to do with Syria's decision to increase its forces. State Department sources claimed that

U.S. leverage was limited in an intra-Arab struggle that Washington could "only nudge here and there." Said one analyst: "We are making clear our general concern, but we have not given anyone a green light."

Something Drastic. Yet the need for restraint remained tempered by a complex series of dilemmas. Even as U.S. warships steamed in the eastern Mediterranean to evacuate Americans from Lebanon if necessary, U.S. officials admitted that the U.S. role in the crisis had been eclipsed by the latest Arab initiatives. For the Lebanese, a political solution remained in the distance. Even with the latest attempt to establish a cease-fire, the basic issues between Lebanon's Moslems and Christians, so far from being resolved, have been intensified by the terrible bloodshed of recent weeks.

For Syria, at the same time, there are still some grave problems. By agreeing to and upholding the cease-fire, the Syrians would reduce the chances of a confrontation with both the Palestinians and such radical Arab states as its hostile neighbor Iraq, where suspicious movement of troops last week caused Syria to shift some of its own troops to its eastern border. But Damascus will assuredly not give up its goal of preventing the Arab radicals and the P.L.O. from gaining a free hand in Lebanon and provoking a confrontation with Israel. If there seems any strong danger of that, the Syrians could renew their military effort of last week. That, if successful, might finally succeed in imposing some kind of order in Lebanon. But it might also set the stage for, as one U.S. analyst put it, "something drastic happening": a further escalation in the fighting and the total disintegration of prospects for a political solution.



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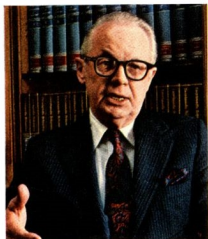


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United States Steel asks a prominent American to speak out.

“What makes America work?...the



by Donald C. Cook

*Former Chairman of the Board and
Chief Executive Officer,
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America's land resources, which can help provide all our people with a fruitful life, are tragically under-used and outrageously over-regulated.

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In the face of all this, how can industry even begin to meet America's future needs?

Agencies charged with the awesome responsibility of supervising land resources commonly recruit people, including top administrators, who know almost nothing about what they are supposed to regulate. Inevitably, they take actions based on superficial knowledge or ignorance. And society suffers.

One shocking illustration: my former company must produce crucially needed electric power. We were told that, when we burn certain sulfur-bearing coals, we must install costly, complex equipment to "scrub" the gases. But these devices are still unperfected, and other methods are available. A high Environmental Protection Agency official once told some of my colleagues and me they knew this, but figured if they could force utilities to install them the companies would make them work! It was a frightening example of bad government.

The decent people who love the air, water and land have completely lost control of the environmental movement. It has been captured by so-called "public interest" law firms, city folk concerned

with their law practices and large fees. They are the greatest allies the Arabs have in America!

I'm a country boy, raised in northern Michigan. I know that one can love the land and protect it, yet still make wise use of it in the national interest.

All good men agree on the need for proper zoning, but under present Federal and local procedures it may take years to obtain permission to construct vitally needed facilities. Meanwhile, as we wait, our population grows, production falters and living standards drop.

Our land-use policies must be changed. They limit production, make it too much more expensive and hurt the very people they are presumably designed to help.

America is a vast treasure house. But the shackles on proper development must be



Formerly a surface mine, this land is being made into productive grasslands—a condition better than it was in before.

sensible use of our land resources."



In Ohio, 35,000 acres of coal lands were turned into a beautiful recreational area. This historic bridge was preserved by moving it several miles to its present location.

removed for the benefit of all. They have been on too long and already we face serious shortages of raw materials and power. The longer we wait, the worse these shortages will become and the less we will have to meet the needs of our people.

It is as simple as that.



U.S. Steel and the Environment

U.S. Steel has been involved in protecting the air, water and land for more than a quarter of a century. We have committed over \$800 million to environmental control—more than \$100 million per year for the past two years. Often we've taken the lead in controlling pollution sources, and after years of effort, we are now working

on the last few per cent of such problems. As a pioneer in land reclamation, we have also reclaimed and replanted thousands of acres of mining land.

Environmental improvements must be accomplished in a manner consistent with other national goals and priorities. In order to meet its needs, our nation must remain strong and productive and make wise use of its resources, including its land. But, unless environmental requirements are sensibly modified, construction of new production facilities may be virtually brought to a halt, both because of direct restrictions on the construction of new facilities and the diversion of substantial amounts of capital to environmental control facilities that may provide little, if any, actual improvement. Our nation badly needs a mechanism through which balanced judgments can be made on these important issues. The alternative is the exportation of jobs and a weakened nation.

*United States Steel,
600 Grant Street, Pittsburgh,
Pennsylvania 15230.*



**We're
involved.**

Understanding the critical difference between a gin, a vodka and a white rum martini.



Gin martini

No two martinis are alike. And ultimately you'll decide what's best for you. That's as it should be.

But as you try each one, see if you can detect the critical difference that gives each martini its own special character.

Often as not it comes in the first sip. For instance, the first sip of a gin martini leaves you feeling like you've swallowed a bouquet of flowers. That's the herbs and the juniper-berry oil speaking.

A vodka martini has a very distinguishable hard edge. That's because it's not aged.

Not so much as a day.

We've got age on our side.

The white rum martini is different. The first sip is surprisingly smooth. And if it's possible, each succeeding sip seems to get smoother and smoother. That's because white rum — white rum from Puerto Rico,

to be exact — is aged until it's smoother than gin or vodka.

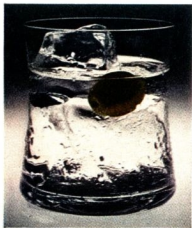
White rum scores clear win over gin and vodka.

Some 550 drinkers in 20 major cities across the country were asked to compare gin, vodka and white rum. And they compared them straight, so no other tastes could muddle their judgment.

Only 24.2% preferred gin. Vodka did better with 34.4%. But white rum came out on top with 41.4%. When asked why they preferred white rum most of the respondents spoke of "taste" and "smoothness."

You probably have the makings on hand.

Chances are you already have everything you need to make a white



Vodka martini

rum martini. Take a look.

Take an even closer look at your

bottle of white rum. Notice the bottom of the label. The odds are five to one that it says "Puerto Rican Rum." That's because 83% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

Enough statistics. Now it's time to enjoy a white rum martini. Make it the way you make an ordinary martini. Serve it up or on the rocks and you're ready to go.



White rum martini

Smoothness is critical.

Every sip of your white rum martini whispers smoothness. It's what distinguishes it so beautifully from other martinis. But don't stop with one. Have a white rum martini every night for a week.

Then see how rough it is when you try going back to martinis made with gin or vodka.

Of course, if you never take the first sip, you can't begin to know. And that would be a pity.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

© 1976 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico



DIPLOMACY

A Harsh Warning on Human Rights

When Chile's military government asked to play host to last week's annual meeting in Santiago of the Organization of American States, the junta hoped the occasion might be a good chance to change its widespread image as the most repressive regime on the continent. No such luck.

At the opening session of the 23-nation conference,* Secretary of State Henry Kissinger walked to the podium in the steel-and-glass Diego Portales building and warned the junta that "the condition of human rights has impaired our relationship with Chile and will continue to do so. Human rights are the very essence of a meaningful life, and human dignity is the ultimate purpose of government. A government that tramples on the rights of its citizens denies the purpose of its existence." It was by far the strongest statement on the subject that he had ever made anywhere, and it was greeted by stony silence. One delegate explained that the lack of applause applied to all speeches and was "traditional," but the speech was anything but traditional for Kissinger.

Prison Network. The Secretary's statement was his carefully calculated response to the main topic of the meeting, a report on the hemisphere by the Inter-American Human Rights Commission detailing allegations of violations by 16 nations. The commission also filed a 191-page separate report on Chile and an 85-page brief against Cuba (which was finished too late to be included on the agenda). The OAS charge against Chile cited numerous examples of people murdered, tortured and unlawfully arrested by the regime of Chilean President Augusto Pinochet.

If anything, the report on Cuba was even tougher; it claimed that the Castro regime had set up a network of prison camps similar to Stalin's infamous Gulag Archipelago. Kissinger in his speech observed that the report "confirmed our worst fears of Cuban behavior."

Even discussing the human rights issue (especially in Santiago) was something of an innovation for the OAS—and for Kissinger. As one member of the American delegation put it, "Henry has come a hell of a long way on human rights in the last 18 months." The Secretary's awakened concern about civic morality in Chile has coincided with strong signals from Congress that as far as the Pinochet regime is concerned, national security, economics and human rights are closely interrelated. Rejecting Administration requests, Congress has not only banned new military sales to Chile but has also cut aid from

\$70 million to about \$30 million. Last week the Senate was prepared to vote down military assistance already in the pipeline—an act, the Secretary's aides conceded, that would have made his visit to Santiago "extremely difficult."

As it happened, the Chileans accepted Kissinger's statement on human rights somewhat better than expected. The Secretary briefed Pinochet on the substance of his speech before it was delivered; the Chilean strongman was apparently relieved that the text was not stronger.

Other delegates to the OAS meeting felt that Kissinger had not gone far enough. Among the critics was outspoken Foreign Minister Dudley Thompson of Jamaica, an island nation where there are widespread fears that recent outbreaks of violence involve U.S. efforts to "destabilize" the moderately leftist government. "He didn't go far enough," said Thompson. "Those kind of comments run off Chile's back like water off a duck." More sharply, Thompson wondered how a German-born Jew like Kissinger could not be more sensitive to the brutalities of Pinochet's regime. "That's how it started in Nazi Germany—government by fear," said Thompson. "No one took a stand."

Kissinger could not have been much tougher without totally alienating the Santiago regime and other Latin American countries where a right-wing military trend is currently running strong. The meeting and speech nonetheless did

have their impact in Chile. In a startling move, the conservative daily *El Mercurio* even printed the entire text of the OAS report on Chile. The issue containing it sold, as one American journalist put it, "like the Watergate transcript."

In a second address, dealing with cooperation on economic development for the hemisphere, Kissinger proposed setting up a regional consultative mechanism on commodity prices. He also declared that a new treaty being negotiated on the Canal Zone would give "full regard to the aspirations of the Panamanian people."

Magical Tourist. The Secretary's eight-day trip to Latin America was his second in four months. It included stops in Bolivia, the Dominican Republic and Mexico, where the Secretary tried to resolve the nagging problem of Americans serving prison terms for drug offenses. The voyage proved that in certain parts of the continent Kissinger is still a diplomatic superstar, the ultimate magical mystery tourist. In Santiago, more than 3,000 cheering Chileans gathered outside the Hotel Carrera simply to catch a glimpse of the Secretary before he emerged to drive off to the OAS meeting. In Santa Cruz, a huge crowd mobbed his car when he drove to place a floral wreath at the monument of Bolivia's national hero, Ignacio Warnes. Bolivian President Hugo Banzer, in fact, paid Kissinger the ultimate tribute: prevented by protocol from greeting the Secretary on his arrival in the country, Banzer nonetheless donned civilian clothes, drove to the airport, and watched incognito as his famous visitor passed by in a motorcade to town.

CHILEAN PRESIDENT PINOCHET GREETING KISSINGER LAST WEEK IN SANTIAGO



*Two OAS member states refused to attend. Cuba has boycotted OAS meetings since the early 1960s, and Mexico objected because Chile was the host.

FRANCE

The Revolt Over Reform

The usually sedate French National Assembly has lately become a scene of turmoil and dissension. Cabals of Deputies huddle up and down the splendid baronial halls. Ministers discuss the latest parliamentary tricks. The visitors' gallery is packed. Reason for all the drama: President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's proposed capital gains tax.

Giscard's measure, formally before the National Assembly after two years of preparation, is a favored part of his much-publicized program to reform France into an "advanced liberal society." It is also his first move to touch

rus of protest from Lille to Nice.

Paris Match called the idea a "new Trafalgar," and reported (probably inaccurately) that \$1 billion had flowed out of France toward Switzerland in the one day after the bill was proposed. The powerful Socialist and Communist opposition parties condemned the measure for containing too many loopholes favoring the rich. The Communists have even been acting as defenders of middle-class property—especially over the part of Giscard's proposal that calls for taxes on the sale of vacation homes, the *résidences secondaires* owned by 14 million

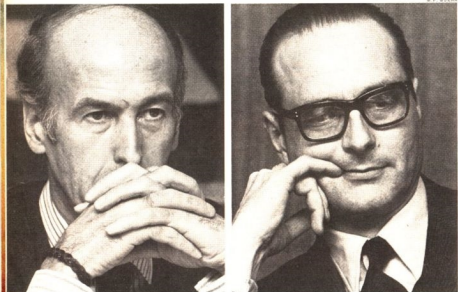
to resolve their differences, the President and Premier Chirac, after a few days of Assembly debate on the capital gains tax measure, hastily arranged a weekend tête-à-tête at the Côte d'Azur presidential retreat, Fort Brégançon; but aside from a report that during the weekend Mme. Giscard overturned her sailboat, no news of the meeting has yet leaked out.

The Gaullist rebellion sparked by the capital gains tax controversy is only one of several intractable problems bedeviling the Giscard-Gaullist coalition. The right is upset with Giscard for a host of un-Gaullist transgressions—everything from agreeing to integrate French forces into those of NATO, in the event of war, to having dinner with an entire town that voted overwhelmingly for him, to flying a new presidential flag over the Elysée. In the halls of the National Assembly, Giscard is known among Gaullist Deputies as *le gamin* because of *les gimmicks*.

Lashing Back. More disconcerting yet, many Gaullists are convinced that Giscard's long-range political goal is to reduce dramatically the party's power. The fears in fact gained credibility last month when Interior Minister Michel Poniatowski, head of Giscard's Independent Republican Party, and Justice Minister Jean Lecanuet, leader of the Centrists, agreed to a coalition in preparation for the 1978 parliamentary elections. Their purpose is to knock off most of the Gaullists and increase the number of pro-Giscard Deputies in the Assembly. The conservatives, as one diplomat put it, "already know that 51 to 80 Gaullists are probably going to be defeated in 1978. Now they think Giscard is out to get 100 of the 170, and they're lashing back in anger."

So far, despite these collected discontents, Giscard has been able to placate the Gaullists enough to win the support of their 174 votes. His success is due in part to the fact that the Gaullists are only a shadow of the mighty force they were under De Gaulle and Pompidou. Given Giscard's continued high popularity, they realize that a break with the President could tarnish their image and hurt them at the polls in 1978. Thus, even on the tax issue, many pundits were predicting that the Gaullist protest would soon fade and that most would vote for the watered-down measure after all, probably this week.

Still, nobody is more aware than Giscard himself of the fragility of the ruling coalition or of the danger that continued discord could help the left in the 1978 elections. Two weeks ago, speaking at the prestigious Ecole Militaire in Paris, Giscard pointedly quoted from Louis XV's address before the battle of Fontenoy, saying: "Gentlemen, I invite you to shut up. The battle plan has been outlined, the commander named. It is he who will lead the action." No doubt Commander Giscard wishes he could say the same thing to the Gaullists.



PRESIDENT VALÉRY GISCARD D'ESTAING & PREMIER JACQUES CHIRAC
"The battle plan has been outlined, the commander named."

the well-guarded French pocketbook. Giscard is well aware of the fact that as a nation, France has turned tax evasion into a national pastime, costing the government, by some guesses, \$12 billion a year in uncollected revenues. It is estimated, for example, that the country's 2.3 million self-employed people declare only half of their income by such devices as keeping double sets of books and asking for payment in cash. As a result, the government is forced to collect fully 62% of its income through indirect sales taxes reaching as high as 33.3%.

Chorus of Protest. Giscard's capital gains tax measure is designed to shift some of the financial burden away from income and value-added taxes to the kind of capital gains levy on the sale of stocks and property that is common to virtually every advanced industrial country. Affecting only some 300,000 people and bringing in a mere 3.3% of all taxes, the measure is certainly modest. Nonetheless, it has stirred up a cho-

Frenchmen. Proclaimed Robert Ballanger, leader of the Communist faction in the Assembly: "This bill menaces the family property and *résidences secondaires* of many small landowners—the little people."

Open Rebellion. The leftists also gleefully watched as Giscard's customary supporters attacked the new tax idea for precisely the opposite reason: that it was too radical. Proclaimed Gaullist Deputy Hector Rolland: "This bill should be thrown into the oubliette, from which it should never have escaped." Worst of all, from Giscard's standpoint, Gaullist Premier Jacques Chirac maintained a conspicuous silence during the entire controversy, apparently trying to distance himself from the unpopular tax measure.

Clearly, Giscard faced open and serious rebellion from the Gaullists, who, holding 174 of the 295 pro-Giscard seats in the Assembly, are indispensable to the President's ability to govern. To try

PORTUGAL

Socialism With a Stone Face

A wry little riddle is circulating in Lisbon these days about General António Ramalho Eanes, 41, who has stepped down as army Chief of Staff to be a candidate in Portugal's June 27 presidential election. Question: "Why does Eanes always wear dark glasses?" Answer: "To hide his monocle." In fact, Eanes no longer wears his ominously familiar shades these days, but there are nonetheless several points to the quip. One is that Eanes (rhymes with Janice) is now the overwhelming favorite to become the country's next President, a post held by monocled General António de Spínola until he was ousted by his fellow officers in a bloodless coup in September 1974. Another is that several key aides of the exiled right-wing general are involved in Eanes' campaign, which has been endorsed by the country's three largest parties: Mário Soares' Socialists, the Popular Democrats and the conservative Center Social Democrats.

Absolute Majority. Eanes, according to one recent poll, may receive at least 33% of the vote in the election. Although about 38% of the electorate is still undecided, the current Premier, Admiral José Pinheiro de Azevedo—who is not backed by any political party but is counting on his personality to put him across—is favored by 14% of the voters; ultra-leftist Army Major Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho should get 11% of the vote. The Communist candidate, Octávio Pato, the party's No. 2 man and considered more acceptable than Stalinist Party Boss Álvaro Cunhal, trails with a mere 3%. If Eanes does not get an absolute majority, he will then face a runoff election, probably with Pinheiro de Azevedo—a contest that everyone expects the former Chief of Staff to win handily.

The election is Portugal's third in the past 14 months, and potentially its most significant. In April 1975, the voters chose a Constituent Assembly that drafted a new constitution. A year later, they elected 263 members of a new Parliament. Now they will pick the country's first freely elected President in nearly half a century—an act that most Portuguese hope will bring an end to the tension and sporadic violence that has besieged the country since the revolution of April 1974.

If Eanes becomes President, it will be less because the voters like him than because they fear the alternatives. A stern, aloof, ramrod-stiff disciplinarian, Eanes served in all three of Portugal's former African territories, joined the 1973 so-called "captains' revolt" against Lisbon's effort to contain the black struggle for independence, and actively supported Spínola at the time of the April revolution. Eanes is credited with launching the rebellion last November that

nearly led to a leftist dictatorship.

But popularity has not followed widespread gratitude. The rallies organized by supporting parties on his behalf have been poorly attended. Much of the front-line campaigning for the general has been carried on by his civilian supporters. The most notable is Soares, whom Eanes has promised to appoint Premier if he wins.

According to one longtime political observer in Lisbon, "Soares wants socialism with a human face. With Eanes, he will get socialism with a stone face." In fact, the general's real political convictions are obscure. His speeches make clear that he regards the Communists as the biggest threat to Portugal's stability. At times he sounds like a man of the left—most notably in his profuse promises to support the constitution, which is a virtual blueprint for advanced socialism. Yet there are qualifications in his reformist promises that seem to have been inspired by the right-wing parties behind him. Eanes supports the workers—but only workers who truly contribute to the nation. He supports their right to strike—except when work stoppages are politically inspired. He wants to keep the army out of politics—but would use it to end any threats to democracy.

If he becomes President, Eanes will have his hands full. Unemployment—partly because of an influx of 700,000 refugees from Portugal's former African territories—hovers at 15%, the annual inflation rate is 25%, and foreign re-



PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE EANES
Behind the glasses, a monocle.

serves are dwindling at the rate of \$3.5 million a day. Whole sectors of the economy have been sporadically paralyzed by strikes of leftist-led unions. Foreign investment has all but dried up, although one Western European businessman believes that "business will pick up after the elections because we will know the rules." No one doubts that under Eanes, whatever rules are laid down will be strictly enforced—and for that fact alone thousands of Portuguese, weary of chaos, will be grateful.

ANGOLA

Trying to Heal the Wounds of War

"The wounds of war take time to heal," said an Angolan government spokesman in Luanda last week. "A bit of bad blood is bound to persist." That is quite an understatement. Nearly four months after it won the ferocious civil war for control of Angola, with the vital help of 12,000 Cuban soldiers and \$300 million in Soviet military aid, Agostinho Neto's Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) is still having trouble consolidating its control over the country, which is roughly twice the size of France. The cities, the Atlantic coastline and most of the central interior are secure, reports TIMI Nairobi Bureau Chief Lee Griggs, who flew to Luanda last week to cover the political show trial of 13 whites, including two Americans, charged with mercenary activities. But officials in the capital concede that resistance continues in the oil-rich northern enclave in Cabinda and in the populous Central Highlands primarily along the Benguela rail-

road, which is still closed to copper exports from neighboring Zambia and Zaïre. Griggs' report:

In Cabinda, Cuban troops have spearheaded an air and ground action against local separatists of the Front for the Liberation of the Enclave of Cabinda (F.L.E.C.) and dihard remnants of the defeated National Front for the Liberation of Angola (F.N.L.A.). They have apparently been successful in quieting the area—especially since Zaïre President Mobutu Sese Seko closed his border with Cabinda after Luanda protested that supplies were being funneled to the rebels. The rebel problem is more persistent in the south, where Cubans are also guarding the Benguela railway. Running clear across central Angola, the railway is difficult to defend against sabotage. The line has been blown up in a dozen places in recent weeks; three locomotives have been destroyed by saboteurs of Jonas Savimbi's National

THE WORLD

Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA) who simply loosened rail bolts and let the trains derail by their own weight.

In addition to fighting continued resistance from a so-called handful of enemies, the Neto government faces huge problems in trying to rebuild war-shattered Angola. Coffee production from devastated *fazendas* (plantations) in the north will be only 500,000 bags this year, down from the normal 3.5 million bags. The industrial diamond concession in northeastern Angola will produce less than half its prewar output of 2 million carats this year. Internal transport is a shambles; dozens of key bridges and roads have been destroyed. Perhaps the most hopeful note for Neto is that production of crude at Gulf Oil's refinery in Cabinda has been resumed; the \$500 million annual royalties from the facility now account for 80% of Angola's foreign exchange earnings.

Peeling Paint. Because of the traffic disruption, the food-rich Central Highlands are short of flour, sugar and salt, while fresh fruit, meat and vegetables are on sale in Luanda (pop. 400,000) only three days a week. Long lines form for everything from bread and cigarettes to beer and bottled cooking gas. Three of every four buses in Luanda have been sidelined for lack of spare parts, and only about 20 taxis (of a prewar fleet of 600) are still operating.

Luanda is a pretty seaside town of red-roofed buildings with typically Portuguese pastel-colored walls in soft hues of pink, blue, green and yellow. But the paint is peeling badly, and the broad, tree-shaded boulevards are developing potholes and are littered with derelict



FOREIGN MERCENARIES ON TRIAL IN LUANDA COURTROOM

Heavy odds on a guilty verdict for all.

cars. Huge shells of buildings started by the Portuguese now stand idle and abandoned. Most stores, cafés and restaurants are shuttered. The language of the capital remains Portuguese, but otherwise, reminders of the departed colonialists are fast being removed.

Before independence last November, most of the 400,000 or so Portuguese and Angolan whites fled the country. The administrative and technical gap has only partly been filled by a few trained Angolan blacks, the few whites who stayed behind and an influx of Communist helpers (mostly Cubans, Yugoslavs and East Germans). They have helped Luanda to limp along, but nonetheless most restaurants have closed for lack of food and fuel, mountains of uncollected garbage pile up, and street crime is on the increase—more because of desperation than avarice. Almost every day, the government paper *Diário de Luanda* rages against "reactionary elements whose antisocial behavior is sabotaging our revolution."

The Cubans are destined to play a major role in Angola's reconstruction. In addition to patrol duties, Castro's troops are slowly shaping up the M.P.L.A. army of 35,000 men, instilling a much-needed dose of discipline. Angolan soldiers complain that the men from Havana work them too hard and sometimes steal their women. But relations are good at officer level, and many M.P.L.A. soldiers now wear Che Guevara-style beards and berets.

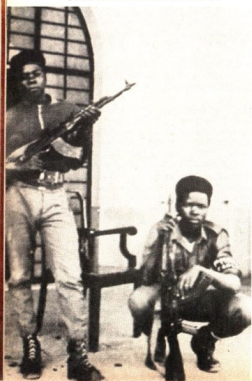
Cubans are also training a civilian militia, teaching in schools and serving as agricultural advisers to farming co-operatives formed from nationalized estates, manning many of Angola's hospitals, and helping to rebuild the country's shattered road systems. These

civilian advisers seem to be well liked. Posters salute them as OUR BLOOD BROTHERS, and a reciprocal sign in a Cuban billet proclaims: WE ARE LATIN AFRICANS. Generally, the visitors keep a low profile in Luanda; they are seldom seen in great numbers except on weekends, when they congregate on a beach reserved for them to play their guitars, sing songs, play soccer or volleyball. Says one Portuguese resident of the capital: "The Cubans have been a force for moderation and restraint since independence. I hate to think what might have happened without them. I hope they stay a long time."

No Pressure. Apparently, they will. Some combat units have reportedly been withdrawn from the south, but there are no signs of any mass exodus. Castro promised to pull out his combat troops at the rate of 200 a week, but one Cuban officer said that he did not expect them to be removed before "the end of the year and maybe not even then. We are in no hurry and under no great pressure." Thousands of technicians and civilian advisers, however, will remain.

On a visit to Cabinda last month, Angolan Prime Minister Lopo do Nascimento had high praise for Cuba and criticism for the U.S.: "The Cubans do not have any concession in Angola—no oil, no mines, no forests. They are here with clean hands. It is the Americans who have concessions in our country"—a reference to Gulf Oil, which must soon renegotiate its Cabinda contract with the new state oil company, Sonangol. Last month Nascimento also visited Moscow, where he declared that "without Soviet help victory would have been impossible." The Russians have promised help for Angola's fishing and shipping industries. There are said to be

GUARDS AT TRIAL BUILDING IN LUANDA



Hiram Walker Blackberry Flavored Brandy.

Ice Cream it.

BLACKBERRY CREAM

Soften 1 cup vanilla ice cream and combine with 2 oz. Hiram Walker Blackberry Flavored Brandy.

Fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped. Spoon into sherbet glass. Dust with chocolate bits. Top with fresh blackberry or raspberry. Serve immediately or freeze and serve at any time.

Jellybean it.

JELLYBEAN

Combine 1½ oz. Hiram Walker Blackberry Flavored Brandy and ½ oz. Hiram Walker White Anisette in on-the-rocks glass, with ice cubes. Drop in a black jelly bean. Our Blackberry Flavored Brandy is also excellent with club soda, 7UP® or on the rocks.



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5-SPEED PERFORMANCE.

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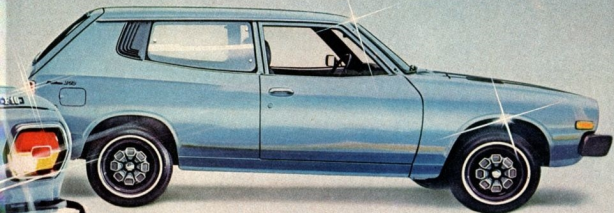
FULLY INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION.

Our little Hatchback offers a very big ride. Because the well-designed suspension system helps smooth the bumps at all four wheels.





WHEEL DRIVE F-10.



HATCHBACK AND SPORTWAGON.

Leave it to Datsun to leave other car makers behind. Introducing the all-new F-10s. Two bolts of engineering lightning that bring you the best of all small car worlds. All packed into one small car and wagon. See for yourself.

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Hatchback is appointed with such nifty items as AM/FM radio, tach, reclining front buckets, fold-down rear seat, radial tires and more.

FLAT-LOADING WAGON.

Spacious Sportwagon comes with a ceiling-to-floor rear door that lifts up for easy loading. Back seat folds down for extra large loads. Lots more to like, and it's Datsun's lowest-priced wagon!

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GREAT GAS MILEAGE, TOO.

Both the 5-speed Hatchback and 4-speed Sportwagon got 41 MPG Highway, 29 City. (EPA mileage estimates. Actual MPG may vary depending on the condition of your car and how you drive.) Take a fun-loving F-10 test drive today.



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Compare 'tar' numbers. You'll see that 2 mg. is the lowest of all king-size cigarettes.

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Now. 2mg 'tar' is lowest.

(King-size or longer.)

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THE WORLD

several hundred Soviet advisers in Angola, mostly civilian, but they are a virtually invisible presence.

For all the socialist sounds emanating from Luanda, there is no visible anti-Americanism in the capital, and some reason to believe Nascimento when he insists that "our policy is one of non-alignment." Clearly, the Neto government wants to establish some ties with the West—and particularly with the U.S.—after the civil war bitterness has died down. For that reason, it is probable that the government will not execute the two Americans who went on trial last week as mercenaries.

As another token of its good will, the government postponed the trial for three days to allow the Americans—Daniel Gearhart, 34, of Kensington, Md. and Gary Acker, 21, of Sacramento, Calif.—to consult with their U.S. defense attorneys. Court-appointed Angolan lawyers are defending the other mercenaries—ten British and one Argentine. Western journalists were allowed back into Angola for the first time since the civil war to cover the trial; nearly 100 of them showed up. The mercenaries are accused, among other crimes, of murdering Angolan civilians and destroying both military and civilian property. Late last week the most notorious of the men on trial, the Greek-born Briton Tony Collon, who is accused of ordering the massacre of 14 fellow mercenaries, stunned the court by taking responsibility for all the crimes committed by the accused. Nonetheless, despite Collon's gesture, the odds remained heavy on guilty verdicts for all.

ITALY

Death Before Lunch

Like most Italians, Genoa Chief Prosecutor Francesco Coco, 67, preferred to eat lunch at home, and last week that habit cost him his life. Coco and a bodyguard were climbing a long flight of steps to the prosecutor's Genoa house when three men stepped out of an archway and shot them down at pointblank range with heavy-caliber pistols. Two more assassins, meanwhile, closed in on the blue official Fiat from which Coco had just emerged and pumped bullets into the police chauffeur. As the three victims lay dying, their killers vanished; two of them sped away down a labyrinth of alleys aboard a red Vespa motor scooter.

The murder of Coco, who was nationally prominent and constantly guarded because of his investigations of political extremists, quickly became an issue in Italy's upcoming election (TIME cover, June 14). Italians were shocked when an extreme-left organization known as the Red Brigades took credit for the killing and listed the charges for which Coco had been gunned down. In a crowded courtroom in Tu-



BODIES OF COCO (LEFT) & HIS BODYGUARD AT MURDER SCENE IN GENOA

rin, where 23 members of the organization were already on trial for kidnappings and urban guerrilla attacks, one defendant named Prospero Gallinari suddenly stood up. Ignoring the judge's admonishments, Gallinari read from a statement held in his manacled hands: "Yesterday an armed nucleus of the Red Brigades executed the state hangman Francesco Coco and two mercenaries who were supposed to protect him." Police did not challenge Gallinari's claim. From composite sketches based on the descriptions of witnesses who had seen the five attackers flee, authorities had already zeroed in on one man, a 29-year-old Genovese named Giuliano Nara, a long-sought member of the *Brigate Rosse*.

Momentarily, at least, as a result of the murders, violence suddenly overshadowed Communism as a central issue in the election campaign. Politicians warned of a renewed "strategy of tension" among extremist groups to foment disorder and influence voters: in addition to last week's triple killing, the violence has already included the murder of a Communist demonstrator following a neo-Fascist rally, street battles between extreme right and left, and the fire-bombing of a Rome movie theater used for neo-Fascist rallies.

Responsible political organizations all quickly deplored Coco's murder, but they also projected it into the increasingly hectic election campaign. Premier Aldo Moro, stumping for the Christian Democrats, deplored "a grave disturbance at a delicate electoral moment." The Communists, by means of a statement in the party newspaper *L'Unità*, protested that such "ferocious criminality" was meant to prevent Italians from making "new choices to bring Italy out

of its crisis and disorder." Added the statement: "In the face of this worrying reality, the action of the government appears inadequate and weak." Political observers thought the mysterious mounting strategy of tension might hurt either party, but nobody knew to what degree. The latest election polls showed the Communists, led by Enrico Berlinguer, gaining slightly on Moro's Christian Democrats, but the polling took place before Coco was gunned down on his way to lunch.

INDIA

The Emergency: One Year Old

For days before Indira Gandhi's arrival, Soviet newspapers published story after story about the glories of Soviet-Indian friendship. The soaring trade between the two countries (expected to reach \$1.1 billion by 1980). The launching last year of the Indian satellite Aryabhata from a Soviet cosmodrome. The Russian-language publication in Moscow of a collection of Mrs. Gandhi's articles and speeches. At a Kremlin dinner during which he delivered a speech in defense of détente, Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev endorsed the Indian state of emergency ("Your government's actions against internal and external reaction met full understanding in the U.S.S.R.") and concluded: "May the tree of Soviet-Indian friendship strengthen and blossom." In reply, Mrs. Gandhi assured her hosts that Indo-Soviet cooperation was "a striking example of how two peoples with different political ideologies and socioeconomic structures

THE WORLD

can work together for mutual welfare and progress."

The warm words largely obscured the apprehension with which Moscow is believed to have viewed recent events in India, the third-world state in which the Soviets have the greatest economic, political and ideological investment. The strengthening of Mrs. Gandhi's government during the emergency, for instance, has reduced her dependence on the Moscow-ling Communist Party of India. The government's crackdown on some trade union groups, and its efforts to shore up the long-neglected private sector of the Indian economy, have struck the Soviets as downright ominous—as has the dramatic political emergence of Mrs. Gandhi's son Sanjay, 30, who has shown little sympathy for Marxist thinking and is identified with the more moderate wing of the ruling Congress Party (TIME, Feb. 2).

Harsh Measures. Last month India announced that it would exchange ambassadors with China for the first time in 14 years, and made significant progress in normalizing its relations with Pakistan—all of which will inevitably reduce New Delhi's reliance upon the Soviet Union. Nonetheless, both nations still have important reasons for maintaining the special relationship that has existed since the signing of a 20-year friendship treaty in 1971, and the Soviets are obviously relieved that Mrs. Gandhi has finally made her long-postponed visit.

For most of the past year, Mrs. Gandhi has been busy at home enforcing harsh measures to justify the state of emergency she declared last June. That she felt free enough now to make her trip to Moscow, her first overseas journey since the emergency began, is an indication that India is in many respects in surprisingly robust economic health. Thanks to a record wheat harvest of 114 million tons last year—which in turn

was produced by the most beneficent monsoon in modern history—the country is enjoying a period of rare prosperity. As a result of a two-year-old tight-money policy and a very tough economic reform program imposed during the emergency, India last year may have been the only major nation in the world with a negative inflation rate (—6%). India's educated classes still lament the suspension of civil liberties and the continuing detention of thousands of people without trial, but the country at large is reasonably contented.

"Can anyone say," demanded Mrs. Gandhi in a speech before her departure, "that we have ever been more united, more stable and more strong than we are now?" She was addressing a special meeting of the All-India Congress Committee, the decision-making body of the ruling party, at which delegates dutifully approved several proposed constitutional changes that will further consolidate the Prime Minister's rule. Among other things, the new amendments will limit the right of the judiciary to strike down laws passed by Parliament, and explicitly forbid court challenges to constitutional amendments passed by Parliament.

In the same speech, Mrs. Gandhi proposed a "national fitness" program because "we cannot afford to be a flabby nation—we must get rid of flabbiness in body and mind and be strong in every way." She deplored the fact that women in India, by and large, "have no personality of their own and exist merely to serve the whims of men." Then she turned to the government's stern family planning policy, which aims at reducing the country's growth rate from over 2% to 1.4% by 1980. Among her recommendations: providing a strong program of incentives and "disincentives," raising the legal marriage age from 15 to 18 for girls and from 18 to 21 for young men, and imposing com-



SANJAY GANDHI AT AUTO PLANT
Nothing quite the same again.

pulsory sterilization on couples who already have two or more children. She preferred to use persuasion, said the Prime Minister, but warned: "We don't have all the time in the world."

The government's concern about birth control is based upon tough economic realities: the per capita share of gross national income is falling because of the ever-rising population (currently estimated at 612 million and increasing at the rate of 12 million per year). Nonetheless, India's recent gains have been impressive. Last year, for instance, largely because of the high prices of imported food, fertilizer and oil, the country suffered a record trade deficit of \$1.2 billion. Now, as a result of an intensive campaign of exploration, some petroleum experts believe India can be self-sustaining in crude oil by 1980.

New Monsoon. However bright India's short-term economic outlook may be, its political prospects are far less certain. If the new monsoon is normally heavy, if public order prevails, and if she can be absolutely sure that she and her party will be returned with a handsome majority, Mrs. Gandhi will call free—and presumably democratic—elections late this year or in the spring, and these elections will undoubtedly be accompanied by a relaxation of the strictures imposed during the emergency. This does not mean that Indian democracy will ever be quite the same again; the parliamentary system, the courts, the opposition, the press—all have been permanently changed. Regardless of what has been accomplished by the "discipline" of the past year, the tragedy is that most of it could have been achieved by a stronger leadership without resorting to such drastic emergency action.

COMMUNIST LEADER LEONID BREZHNEV WELCOMING MRS. GANDHI AT MOSCOW AIRPORT



IBM Reports

Depersonalization and the computer

Most of us can't help feeling nostalgic for an earlier, simpler era when most of life's dealings were face-to-face.

But chaos would surely result if we tried to conduct all of our dealings that way today. There are just too many of us. We are too mobile. The things we do are too complex—and the pace of life too fast.

It would be hard to imagine using credit cards or confirming airline reservations, for example, without the help of computers. Yet undeniably, dealing with each other, often at great distance, with machines as intermediaries has brought with it an element of depersonalization that none of us welcomes.

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Thoughtful computer users are programming special consideration into many computer-assisted transactions. For example, airline reservations systems can quickly arrange to meet the requirements of passengers who need a wheelchair or a special meal.

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And in hospitals, where personal attention is critical, computers are relieving nurses and doctors of much administrative detail, giving them more time to spend in caring for their patients.

In spite of such benefits, there is no question that giving individual attention to individual needs becomes increasingly difficult with each passing year. The real question, of course, is whether we all care enough to try.

Many organizations which use computers have shown that they do recognize the need to preserve these values and are doing something about it.

For our part, we at IBM are trying to help through the development of products that make it easier for computer users to deal with people as individuals.

IBM

Canada's Dramatic Lodestar



MAGGIE SMITH PLAYING CLEOPATRA...

...AND AS MILLAMANT
Luck of the gods.

If variety is the spice of repertory life, the Stratford Festival in Ontario is the place to savor it. Crowning this season's six initial offerings are two intrepidly ventured rarities:

THE WAY OF THE WORLD
by WILLIAM CONGREVE

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Restoration drama takes us into a licentious world of high style, low morals and ice-cold wit. Interestingly enough, its aim is never bedroom comedy but drawing-room rillery. It is as if sex had been invented as a topic of conversation—either the veiled allusion or the saucy double entendre.

Congreve was the master dramatist of the genre and of its convoluted mechanics. Plots, subplots, stratagems, backfiring intrigues and unmaskings make up *The Way of The World*. In simplest terms, the play hangs on a purse string. The superannuated but insatiably lustful Lady Wishfort (Jessica Tandy) controls a fortune and has an itch for the philanderer Mirabel (Jeremy Brett). He, in turn, has fallen in love with her niece Millamant (Maggie Smith) and schemes to blackmail Lady Wishfort in order to secure her consent to his marriage to Millamant. That is just about what happens.

The pivotal center of the comedy is Millamant, as iridescent a creature as a dramatist ever pinned on paper. She is almost a pre-Shavian heroine, a kind of sexier cousin to Shaw's Major Barbara. Like Barbara, she is independent in mind and as spirited as a thoroughbred. Unlike Barbara, Millamant is a complete coquette, full of feminine witchcraft. She adores the marital chase but is eminently dubious about its outcome. She fears she "may dwindle into a wife." She faces marriage like a firing squad, but with her eyes open.

The luck of the gods fell on Stratford when Maggie Smith was cast in the role. She has an invincible gift for Restoration comedy. She can tease a spasm of laughter from an inert line, and she renders the great set speeches as if Mozart had been transmuted into prose. She makes startlingly effective use of what can only be called Brecht's "alienation effect," inhaling a line in one breath like a drag on a fresh cigarette and instantaneously tossing it away like a dead butt. This is well suited to Congreve, with his worldly ability to appraise life in the very art of savoring it.

The other performances are anticlimactic. Jeremy Brett seems not so much to be playing the role of Mirabel as modeling for it in some 18th cen-

tury fashion parade, and while Jessica Tandy gives Lady Wishfort a brave try, she lacks the coarse, sensual vulgarity of what is, essentially, a dirty old woman.

In justice to the 19-member cast, none flags in his or her efforts. As artistic director of the festival, Robin Phillips deserves unstinting credit for offering Stratford audiences the full bounty of a playwright of Congreve's stature. In *The Way of the World*, Congreve walks as close as he ever could in Molière's footsteps. He casts a pitiless light on the vices of a leisure class that is trapped too high on the social scale for aspiration. Following an endless round of pleasure, these people are self-indulgent, inconstant, frustrated and foiled. In their cynical worldliness they dare not believe in friendship or hope for love. They are as tarnished within as they are polished without. They talk as one might expect people to talk in heaven, but they live like people who have fashioned their own hell.

Antony and Cleopatra is a devilishly difficult play to put on convincingly. To begin with, the imagery applied to the two lovers has an Olympian grandeur that somewhat dwarfs merely mortal actors. Antony is "the triple pillar of the world" and an erstwhile demigod in battle. When he dies, Cleopatra says "the odds is gone"—meaning that the world has lost its prime measure of greatness.

As for Cleopatra, "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety... other women cloy the appetites they feed; but she makes hungry/ Where most she satisfies." Even the vows that she and Antony swear in lovers' defiance of the world are thunderously imperial. Says Antony: "Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch of the ranged empire fall!" and Cleopatra echoes, "Melt Egypt into Nile!"

Granted the almost insuperable problems of portraying such exalted beings, Maggie Smith's Cleopatra and Keith Baxter's Antony are blazingly well executed. Smith is not precisely a sultry, sun-kissed figure of voluptuousness, but she is regal, cunning, mercurial, and desperately in love with her "man of men." One feels about Keith Baxter's Antony that he has outgrown the self-sacrifices characteristic of the Roman code. The grizzled veteran now prefers to make love, not war.

One of the most compelling achievements of the Smith-Baxter performances is to show how separation from each other is the divorce that Antony and Cleopatra cannot bear. Their love has grafted each in the other's heart and mind so that when they are forced apart, it is a semi-suicide. She wonders, in rapt preoccupation, whether he is sitting, or standing, or riding his horse. When he



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THE THEATER

orders his fleet to turn and follow her deserting ships in the sea battle that destroys his fortunes against Octavius Caesar, it is not that he has totally lost valor, but that being anywhere but with her is the severest loss he can contemplate. When her eyes water in remorse, he chides her with his undaunted love: "Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates all that is won and lost..."

The polar conflict of the play is between love and empire or desire and duty, with Egypt symbolizing one and Rome the other. Director Phillips sets up a telling counterpoint between the brisk, businesslike military scenes and the perfumed enchantment of the amorous interludes.

The entire cast does fine ensemble work in this production. The smarmy look on Alan Scarfe's face as Octavius Caesar adds a disquieting menace to his steely will. Max Helpmann's Lepidus is an aridly pompous dotard of a triumvir, and Lewis Gordan's Enobarbus employs something resembling the barbed antics of Lear's Fool as he tries to jar the doomed Antony loose from the madness of his love. There will be other productions of *Antony and Cleopatra*, but it is quite possible that this remains the one to have seen.

T.E. Kalem

Simon in the Sun

CALIFORNIA SUITE
by NEIL SIMON

If Broadway ever erects a monument to a patron saint of laughter, Neil Simon will have to be it. He is back in good form in *California Suite*, a quartet of playlets in the same mold as his *Plaza Suite* except that the setting is now the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Each of the playlets is a slightly shell-shocked encounter between visitors from outside city-states (New York, Philadelphia, London, Chicago) and Los Angeles, capital of the palm fringe of Western civilization. In playlet No. 1, two divorced ex-writers get together to discuss dividing the spoils: their 17-year-old daughter. Hannah (Tammy Grimes) has the true verbal grit of New York City and is a senior editor at *Newsweek*. William (George Grizzard) basks in California as a contented Polo Lounge lizard. They both shoot from the quip. Although William is defensive, he has the punchiest line: "New York is not Mecca—it just smells like it."

Playlet No. 2, the most hilarious of the four, is one of those flirtations with sin and the fear of its consequences which has given Simon a particular hold on the fantasies of his prevailing middle-class, middle-aged audiences. Marvin (Jack Weston) has come West to celebrate the bar mitzvah of his nephew and been given the surprise present of a blonde hooker (Leslie Easterbrook). After a night of amnesiac pleasure, Marvin wakes to find this hour, a vodka overachiever, comatose in his bed.

Marvin's wife Millie (Barbara Barrie) is on her way up to the suite. What follows is a kind of Feydeau farce with one bedroom door. The scene has been directed with dazzling adroitness by Gene Saks, and Jack Weston's portrayal of a human pachyderm in direct panic would bring tears of joy to the eyes of Zero Mostel.

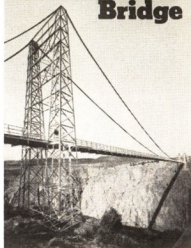
The remaining two sketches are made of slimmer stuff, but the cast is so good that it gives away Simon's secret: how people guard themselves against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune with a jest.

T.E.K.



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HANDICAPPED VISITORS AT LINCOLN MEMORIAL & SYMBOL (INSET) OF ACCESSIBILITY

MEDICINE

Freedom in a Wheelchair

The brooding figure of the Great Emancipator in Washington's Lincoln Memorial has become a symbol for a new kind of freedom for those who are confined to wheelchairs. After a long, hard-fought campaign by a number of groups dedicated to easing the lot of the handicapped, ramps have been built that allow the wheelchair-bound to roll themselves into the base of the memorial, where they can enter the wide doorway of the rotunda and get a closeup view of Lincoln's statue. That enables the handicapped to surmount what had been for them a barrier to the rotunda, the great apron of stairs that lead to the memorial.

For the million Americans in wheelchairs, the gleaming white marble monument has finally become, as they call it, accessible. The symbol* designating that accessibility, a white stick figure on a blue background representing a man in a wheelchair, is posted on the memorial and has been appearing on a growing number of buildings around the U.S. Wherever it appears, the symbol means that the structure has been built or remodeled so that ramps (with a maximum grade of 8.3%) are in place at stairs or curbs, doors are wide enough (at least 32 in.), knobs, buttons or drinking fountains are within reach of the wheelchair-bound, and toilets and urinals are at convenient heights.

Elsewhere in the capital, similar

ramps and facilities are being opened at the Jefferson Memorial and curbs are being cut and ramped along the mall, site of many of next month's Bicentennial festivities. A 131-page booklet called "Access Washington" is available to all paraplegic visitors; it lists all of the hotels, Government buildings, stores and other institutions that have facilities for the handicapped. In San Francisco, the Bay Area's new rapid transit system, BART, has equipped all stations with elevators to carry wheelchair users to both the ticket-buying and train levels; train doors are wide enough for two wheelchairs to enter abreast. Washington's new subway system has followed suit. In Atlanta, Milwaukee and Sacramento, public buses are being fitted out with special lifts to hoist wheelchairs up from the sidewalk. (Champaign, Ill., buses have been so equipped for two decades.) In Sacramento and Palo Alto, ramps have been built into curbs at virtually all commercial intersections. Hilton and Sheraton hotel chains are setting aside special rooms in their new buildings for the disabled; Holiday Inns has been doing so since 1969, allotting one room in every 100 to wheelchair users. These rooms have wide doors, bathrooms with railings, trapeze arrangements to help paraplegics get in and out of bed and, at bedside, light, TV and door-opening controls.

All-Night Vigil. Paraplegics have mostly themselves to thank for these improvements. As a result of their agitation, including such demonstrations as an all-night vigil at the Lincoln Memorial in 1973, Congress has enacted legislation to eliminate barriers that im-

pede the mobility, employment, education and recreation of the handicapped. On the basis of these laws and the 14th Amendment (equal protection), dozens of suits have been filed in state and federal courts seeking access for the handicapped to buildings, trains, buses and airplanes. In Los Angeles, for example, a paraplegic woman, Jacqueline Selph, sued the city council because she was unable to enter a polling place without assistance and was offered only an absentee ballot as an alternative. A veteran is suing a Los Angeles movie theater that would not allow him to enter in his wheelchair. In New York an attorney brought legal action because he could not get his wheelchair into the municipal court so that he could protest a parking ticket.

The pressure has been paying off in new freedom and opportunity for those in wheelchairs. Says Jack Smith, 36, a polio victim who is director of the White House Conference on Handicapped Individuals: "You can't believe how meaningful it is to go and participate and enjoy the same things as everyone else."

Succor from Seaweed

Despite its success in fighting many of mankind's worst maladies, medical science has made virtually no headway against a family of viruses that infects about 80% of the world's adult population: herpes simplex type I, which causes cold sores and herpes keratitis (an eye infection responsible for 18,000 cases of blindness in the U.S. every year) and type II, which produces sores in the genital area, and is under suspicion as one cause of cervical cancer.

Red Algae. Now two University of California researchers have discovered something that seems to stop the tenacious virus dead in its tracks: extracts from common red seaweed that have been known since 1964 to have antibacterial and antifungal properties. Acting on a hunch, Virologist E. Frank Deig and Graduate Student Douglas Ehresmann decided to find out if the extracts might also be effective against viruses. Since 1974 they have examined for antiviral properties 29 varieties of red algae common to northern California waters. Each variety was washed in distilled water, dried, boiled and homogenized in a blender. A 1% solution of the resulting liquid extract was applied to human cells that were then inoculated with type I or type II herpes. The solution proved 99% effective in stopping viral multiplication. When the solution was applied to cells already infected with herpes, the spread of the virus was reduced by 50%. While the extract has not yet been tested on other types of herpes-like viruses that are responsible for such illnesses as chicken pox, shingles and mononucleosis, the Californians believe that it could also inhibit them.

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* Adopted in 1969 as the International Symbol of Access by the Eleventh World Congress on the Rehabilitation of the Disabled.

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of seaweed, the scientists discovered that this substance acts by blocking the viral adsorption point in the cell membrane—the point where the virus normally enters the cell. Human cells in culture appear to be otherwise unaffected by the substance and tests are already being made on mice and rabbits. But it will probably be as much as two years before researchers are certain enough about the safety of the extract to make it available to humans. The last promising technique for controlling herpes—daubing the skin eruptions with a photosensitive dye and exposing them to fluorescent light (TIME, July 12, 1971)—quickly dried up the sores and seemed to delay their recurrence. But it was largely abandoned when researchers demonstrated that the treatment produced chromosomal changes in the virus that enabled it to transform normal animal test cells into malignant ones.

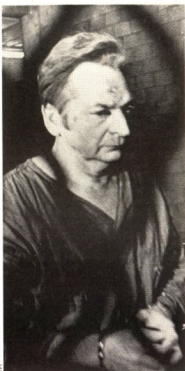
Should the extract eventually be used on humans, according to Ehresmann, it will probably be applied in ointment form directly to the developing herpes sores. That day would come none too soon for millions of herpes sufferers. Says Ehresmann: "Herpes virus disease is very disabling and disrupts the life of a victim. Any substance that could help control it would be a significant contribution to human health."

The Cut-Rate Osteopath

Most of the patients who entered the modest house in north-central Los Angeles were poor Mexican aliens, and most were pregnant women. They were drawn to the makeshift clinic, called the Highland Medical Center, by the low child-delivery fees charged by Osteopath Joseph Emory, 55. Since 1974, in fact, Emory has delivered more than 700 babies, usually charging between \$200 and \$300 per case. Despite the low fees, the clinic's services were apparently no bargain. Last week Emory was arrested and charged with the murder of ten of the more than 25 infants who, during the past two years, died soon after being born at the clinic. His wife and 32-year-old son, who despite having no medical certification served as his assistants, were also booked for murder. The deaths, charged Deputy D.A. Dinco Bozanich, stemmed from "a wanton and reckless disregard for life."

Emory's arrest was not his first. In 1962, he was convicted of second-degree murder of a patient who died after an illegal abortion. In 1963, while free on appeal from his first conviction, he was convicted of performing another illegal abortion, was subsequently sent to prison on that charge for three years and had his license revoked. Soon after his license was reinstated in May 1974, he began the cut-rate deliveries that led to his newest arrest.

At week's end the district attorney's office had not revealed what evidence had led to its murder charge, but noted



OSTEOPATH EMORY AFTER ARREST
For the poor, no bargain.

that it was not excluding the possibility of "intentional" killings. Said a D.A. spokesman: "This calls into question the licensing procedures of the state board of osteopathic examiners and the state board of health. Why was this man licensed? And why, after a murder conviction and the rest of his record, was his license reinstated?"

Booze for Alcoholics?

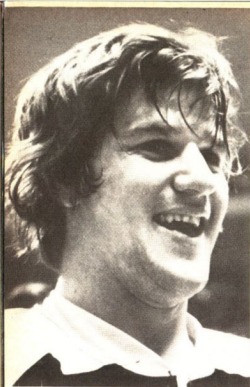
Doctors, social workers and psychologists have generally agreed that for alcoholics the only road to recovery and a sober life is total abstinence. In fact, Alcoholics Anonymous, which has an excellent record of rehabilitating heavy drinkers, defines an alcoholic as a person who can never drink again. Last week that abstinence concept was boldly challenged by three social scientists from one of the nation's best-known think tanks, the Rand Corp. In a report to the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism (N.I.A.A.A.), David Armor, J. Michael Polich and Harriet Stambul claimed that many former alcoholics can begin drinking in moderation without sliding all the way to their previous alcoholic depths.

The Rand scientists based their conclusion on an 18-month study of people admitted to N.I.A.A.A. treatment centers across the country. First they conducted a survey of patients at 45 centers six months after they had begun treatment. Then they went back to eight of the centers to interview in depth 1,340 patients

18 months after their initial treatment. In the latter group, which consisted of those who had been drinking more than nine times the alcoholic consumption of the average drinker, more than half were unemployed and separated or divorced. After a year and a half, about 70% had shown significant improvement. While about a third of the improved had abstained for at least six months, another third were drinking normally, and the remaining alcoholics were imbibing heavily on occasion but abstaining much of the time. What struck the researchers most was that the relapse rate among the "normal" drinkers—who consumed an average of one drink per day—was no higher than among those who tried to abstain. Thus, they concluded, normal drinking may now have to be accepted along with abstinence as "a form of remission" from acute alcoholism.

Flexible Goals. Concerned that their findings might be construed as a green light for abstaining alcoholics to begin drinking again, the Rand group warned that there is no known way to distinguish between those who can safely begin to drink in moderation and those who might immediately go off the deep end into alcoholism again. Their recommendation: "Alcoholics who have repeatedly failed to moderate their drinking or have irrevocable physical complications due to alcoholism should not drink at all." Instead, they said, their findings suggest that in treating alcoholism, goals be set that are more "flexible" than only abstinence. Their views were shared by Dr. Morris Chafetz, former director of N.I.A.A.A., who calls current thinking about the treatment of alcoholism "rigid, stereotypic and possibly self-defeating. For a person who lives in a drinking society to think that he must stop drinking entirely to stop his alcohol problem may discourage him from seeking treatment until he is really down in the dumps."

Many experts remain unconvinced by the Rand study. Dr. Marvin Block, a Buffalo, N.Y., physician who persuaded the American Medical Association to define alcoholism as a disease, was concerned that the report would prompt people "who cannot go back to drinking to try it just because a few have done it." Executives of the National Council on Alcoholism called the report "a cruel hoax, dangerous and misleading" and said that it should not have been released. Said Dr. Luther Cloud: "Abstinence is the prime prerequisite for recovery from alcoholism. No studies—including the Rand study—have been viable enough to make us change that opinion." Alcoholics Anonymous officials were even more outspoken. "A.A. is full of the experiences of people who have tried to go back to drinking and have been unable to," said Dr. John Norris, a trustee on A.A.'s board. "An alcoholic cannot safely go back to social drinking."



HOCKEY'S BOBBY ORR

For Boston's insatiable hockey fans it was a slick—and dirty—trick. **Bobby Orr**, 28, their defenseman without equal in the history of the game, was skating off to become a Chicago Black Hawk. What would make beloved Bobby leave the Bruins? A reported five-year, \$3 million contract. What would enable all Boston to blink back the tears? The knowledge that Orr's rickety left knee (five operations in the past eight years) allowed him to play only ten games last season. But at week's end Orr checked out of a Toronto hospital, where doctors examined that wounded knee and decided against operation No. 6.

Dear Editor: My Mommy and Daddy keep arguing about **Liz and Richard**. Mommy says they've been married and divorced three times with each other, not counting all those marriages and divorces and things with other people, and that they should keep on doing it, otherwise how can they tell they are in love with each other? My Daddy noticed in the newspapers that Richard went to Haiti with another lady, **Susan Hunt**, and tried to get a new divorce from Liz, only he didn't have the right papers, so they wouldn't give him the divorce. He bought a little doll and stuck pins in it and Liz said ouch in New York. My Mommy says that Richard should have his divorce and Liz should get custody of the press agent, but my Daddy says that any man who gets married so much to the same lady doesn't deserve a new divorce. Who is right? Yours, Virginia.

Dear Virginia: Your parents are both wrong. You see, there is really no

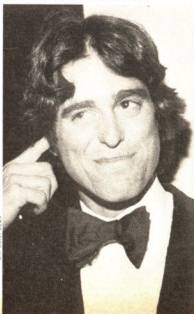


A RICHARD BALLOON DISCOVERED WITH SUSAN HUNT AT PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI

such thing as a Liz and Richard. In reality, they are life-size plastic balloons that **Henry Kissinger** carries around in his plane, and when things get bad, he inflates the balloons in different parts of the world to show the mean people that there is really something worthwhile to believe in. Tell your Daddy to write to Mr. Kissinger, who will mail him a set of Liz and Richard balloons for only \$1.98. This will stop all the confusion, end the cold war and make you all happy again.

When the Kennedys put on a do, it does. The latest was a ball held at Manhattan's elegant Hotel Pierre to raise money for the Special Olympics, an international athletic and recreation program for mentally retarded children and

BOBBY SHRIVER AT THE CHARITY BALL



adults. For the 250 or so people who attended (at \$125 each), there was champagne, roast beef and a demonstration of athletic prowess by a group of accomplished retarded kids, a fashion show, and then fun and games for the regulars. The Clan itself was heavily represented: **Jackie O.**, **Eunice Shriver**, **Pat Lawford**, **Jean Smith**, etc., etc., but the most enchanting of the family were the new generation: Eunice's son and daughter **Bobby**, 21, and **Maria**, 20; and Pat's daughter **Sydney**, 19. As photographers snapped away, Sydney's mom told her: "Don't look too pretty." But what's a girl to do?

Oh, what a lovely war. The name of the flick will be *A Bridge Too Far*, based on the late Author **Cornelius**

SYDNEY LAWFORD IGNORING HER MOTHER





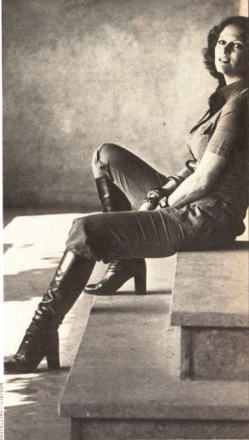
PRODUCER JOE LEVINE & TROOPS PREPARE FOR BATTLE IN A *BRIDGE TOO FAR*

Ryan's blockbuster about World War II's battle of Arnhem. Producer Joe Levine (*The Lion in Winter*) has rented The Netherlands, signed up Director Richard Attenborough, and recruited a battalion of makeup-scarred vets whose salaries alone will cost him \$9 million—to say nothing of plenty of billing headaches. The cast: Robert Redford, Laurence Olivier, Sean Connery, Liv Ullmann, James Caan, Maximilian Schell, Anthony Hopkins, Dirk Bogarde, Michael Caine, Elliot

Gould, Gene Hackman, Ryan O'Neal and Hardy Kruger. The climactic battle scene comes when everybody begins shooting 105-mm. Oscars at one another.

Gaudeamus igitur department: Safely back home after a three-month lecture tour of U.S. campuses, Jorge Luis Borges, 76, Argentina's nearly blind poet-essayist, announced flunking grades for the "extraordinarily ignorant" Yankee students. Said he: "They read only what they must to pass, or what the professors choose. Otherwise they are totally dedicated to television, to baseball and to football."

The *vita* simply got too *dolce*. Having reached the age of 37, Italy's sinuous Film Star Claudia Cardinale (*Eight and a Half*, *The Pink Panther*) decided it was time to take stock. "I just got tired of living under glass, all wrapped up in cotton wool, surrounded by secretaries and all the people who do everything for you as a movie star." Whereupon Claudia shucked her maid, cook, driver, agent and personal secretary (a husband had left some time earlier). She makes do in her luxury villa near Rome with a gardener and his wife, who helps with the heavy work. Otherwise, it is Claudia who dusts, cooks, does the shopping and lives life, as she says, "not as a diva but as a human being." Though she has publicly supported some women's causes—the drive for an abortion law,



HOMEBODY CLAUDIA CARDINALE

for example—Cardinale does not want to be taken for a militant feminist. "The women's lib—they do not believe in love. I believe in men and women being together, not only the woman." Then there is the career: "For a woman it is not easy. They used to look at you in the movies as a mother, as a prostitute or as a sex symbol. It is not that easy to find good parts." She is a woman of many parts and Cardinale virtues.

Hi, I'm Tom Brokaw, NBC Television's White House correspondent. The big news is that I am dumping this job to become Barbara Walters, who has left our *Today* show to go over to That Hot Network for \$5 million. I will be getting up at some god-awful hour to be host on the program, while my good friend and colleague Jim Hartz will be what we call a traveling co-host. Before taking this new assignment, I made it clear that, unlike Barbara and certain other TV newsmen, I would refuse to do any commercials for dog food, panty hose, or any of those other products that pay extra billions of dollars per second. In this way I can preserve my integrity as a newsmen while earning maybe \$500,000 a year. And now this message.



EUNICE SHRIVER'S DAUGHTER MARIA

Justice in Arrears

The Supreme Court, like many lower courts in the land, is mortifyingly behind in its work. Only once has the court found it necessary to delay beyond the end of June adjudication of a case argued during its regular nine-month term. That came two years ago in the Detroit cross-district school segregation controversy, a case of extraordinary complexity. Moreover, the Justices were then on the threshold of one of the most important cases in Supreme Court history, the U.S. vs. Richard Nixon. But even with eleven decisions announced last week, the court still has not rendered judgments in 72 of the 179 cases argued this year. Thus an unprecedented spillover of court decisions into July appears increasingly inevitable.

What has gone wrong? Chief Justice Warren Burger has long complained that the high court workload is too much for nine mortal judges, and that some way must be found to reduce the burden, such as a new intermediate National Court of Appeals or a statutory

reduction in Supreme Court jurisdiction.

That is Burger's diagnosis. Some staff personnel at the court privately offer three *ad hominem* explanations for the slowdown: the Chief Justice himself, Associate Justice Thurgood Marshall and Associate Justice Harry Blackmun. Burger's numerous off-court activities have cut sharply into his time for court work. Justice Marshall has been frequently ill this term, and the work of his law clerks on whom he has relied in the past for excellent writing has been uneven.

Frequent Forays. The prime offender, however, is seen to be Justice Blackmun, a slow writer and ponderous thinker, who not only weighs his opinions meticulously but writes them out in longhand. An extremely effective and popular public speaker, Blackmun has made frequent forays on the creamed chicken circuit all over the country this spring. Before tackling the court's work this week, he was off to Emory University in Georgia to accept yet another honorary degree. While the six other full-term Justices on the court have each

published between ten and 13 majority opinions, Marshall has announced only seven and Blackmun but six.

Of eleven decisions handed down last week, one involving airline overbooking gladdened every passenger who has ever been bumped off a flight (see box). Other noteworthy cases settled:

► In a split (5-4) decision, the court found that state, county and city governments have wide authority to fire their employees without first granting due process protections of specific charges and hearings. Government workers, wrote Justice John Paul Stevens for the majority, have no property interest in their jobs unless state law specifically so provides. "We must accept the harsh fact that numerous individual mistakes are inevitable in the day-to-day administration of our affairs."

► In a 7-2 decision (Brennan and Marshall dissenting), the court indicated a perceptible shift, still somewhat unclear as to practical effect, in the course of race relations law charted by the Warren court. The case came up on a challenge of the District of Columbia police

A Big Bump for Bumping

The seasoned air traveler acquires a high tolerance for most man-made frustrations. He can take in stride the long check-in lines, extended circling in approach patterns while the air traffic thins out, missed connections, even an occasional trip by his suitcase to Chicago after he got off at Memphis. There is one experience, however, that never fails to boil him: being "bumped" off a flight on which he holds a valid ticket and confirmed reservation. The odds against its happening, according to the airlines, are 2,000 to 1, but given the numbers of Americans who fly each year, those odds translate into a sizable contingent of very angry people.

One such passenger, on April 28, 1972, was Ralph Nader, *bête noir* of the American business establishment, who showed up at the Washington National Airport just five minutes before Allegheny Airlines flight 864 was to take off for Hartford. Nader was on a tight schedule to appear at two consumer rallies in Connecticut. He had no seat.

Nader demanded to know whether standby passengers had been boarded, was told instead that the airline would fly him to Philadelphia by air taxi to connect with another flight due to arrive in Hartford two hours later. This Nader refused, and in due course he filed suit against Allegheny.

It turned out that Allegheny had sold 107 tickets for the 100 seats on flight 864, typical of industry practice designed to compensate for "no-shows." The central issue of Nader's suit was a charge of fraudulent misrepresentation by the airline in failing to notify passengers of deliberate overbooking.

In the first finding in the suit, U.S. District Judge Charles Richey awarded Nader \$10 in compensatory damages and \$25,000 in punitive damages; another \$51 compensatory and \$25,000 punitive damages went to the Connecticut citizens group that sponsored the rallies Nader was unable to reach. However, the Circuit Court of Appeals set aside this judgment, holding that lawsuits like Nader's should not be decided until the Civil Aeronautics Board, which has been studying the mirror evils of no-show and overbooking for years, had more time to rule on appropriate penalties for overbooking. But last week the Supreme Court, in a unanimous opinion written by Justice Lewis F. Powell, ruled with Nader and the legions of the bumped. Their common-law right to sue, without further reference to the CAB, was affirmed.



PASSENGER RALPH NADER IN FLIGHT

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A full-page background image of a cowboy in a red shirt and cowboy hat riding a brown horse through a rocky river. The scene is set in a rugged, mountainous landscape under a cloudy sky. The text 'Come to Marlboro Country.' is overlaid on the lower left portion of the image.

Come to Marlboro Country.

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you get a lot to like.

THE LAW

department's use of "test 21," a verbal skills exam widely administered by federal civil service officials to government job applicants. The evidence was that from 1958 to 1971, 57% of blacks who took the test failed, against only 13% of whites. Speaking for the court majority, Justice Byron White held that if a law or act of government is "neutral on its face," and if it serves purposes which the government may pursue, it is not necessarily unconstitutional, though it affects one race more than another.

"Any other conclusions," said White, "would be far-reaching and would raise serious questions about ... a whole range of tax, welfare, public-service regulatory and licensing statutes that may be more burdensome to the poor and to the average black than to the more affluent white."

By unanimous vote, the court came down on the side of the endangered pupfish against Nevada ranchers and 16 Western states. Both the pupfish, an inch-long fish so named because of its puppylike antics, and the ranchers use the fresh waters of Devil's Hole, a deep limestone cavern on federally owned land near Death Valley. The more water the ranchers pump out, the more the pupfish, a species found only in Devil's Hole, are threatened. The local ranchers were joined by the 16 states in resisting the federal claim to control overground water near the underground lake, which was proclaimed a national monument by President Truman in 1952. The court ruled that the ranchers may no longer pump underground water in a way that would lower the level of the Devil's Hole pool to the peril of the pupfish.

Challenging Exclusion

It was not Gerald Ford's finest campaign hour. In reply to an unexpected question on CBS-TV's *Face the Nation* last week, the President offered his opinion that parents have the right to send their children to segregated private academies, so long as those schools do not receive federal funds or tax advantages. He added that his own children had always attended integrated schools, and he "hoped" no school would deny admission on the basis of race. But, he said, "individuals have rights," and in his opinion those rights included the choice of a segregated private school.

Candidates in a national campaign are, of course, pressed to state their views on an hourly basis, often with precious little chance to weigh them. In this case, the President's views may not stand up in court—at least if his Justice Department's arguments to the U.S. Supreme Court prevail. Among the cases still on



"... And leave the driving to us!"

the Supreme Court's docket is an appeal from a decision against two Virginia private schools that refuse to accept black students. Two federal courts have already ruled against the schools (and Ford's position) on 13th Amendment grounds. If the Supreme Court affirms the judgment of the lower courts, a new legal frontier in racial discrimination will have been established.

The 13th Amendment, which abolished slavery, was reinforced in 1866 by a statute declaring: "All persons ... shall have the same right in every state and territory to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be parties, give evidence and to the full and equal benefit of all laws ... for the security of persons and property as is enjoyed by white citizens ..."

Denial of Rights. The case at hand is whether black parents are denied the right to make a contract, as defined by the 13th Amendment, by the policies of the schools. The Justice Department, in a brief filed by Solicitor General Robert Bork, argues in support of the decisions of the lower courts that such a denial of rights has occurred. As Appeals Court Chief Judge Clement Haynsworth Jr. wrote in one of those decisions, the law "is a limitation upon private discrimination, and its enforcement ... is not a deprivation of any right of free association or privacy of the defendants ... or of their pupils or patrons."

In explaining Ford's lapse, an Administration spokesman observed: "He [Ford] was not prepared for the question, and he gave a standard 14th Amendment answer." By that he meant that until now most discrimination cases, conditional upon some governmental action, have been decided on the 14th Amendment due process and equal protection clauses, rather than on 13th Amendment grounds. The decision in the Virginia cases, when it comes, is likely to be a landmark, since, particularly in the South, segregated private schools have burgeoned as a response to the increasing desegregation of public schools.

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Let the Church Stand Up

They call themselves messengers, and they like to denounce the wicked world with the rhetoric of doom. "We are suffering from the corrosive breath of materialism, secularism, commercialism and godlessness," cries the Rev. Jaroy Weber of Lubbock, Texas, outgoing president of the Southern Baptist Convention, and this leads to "hunger, inflation, credibility gaps, loose morals, bad government, divorce, drunkenness." But as some 16,000 Southern Baptist messengers gather this week in Norfolk for the 119th convention of the largest Protestant group in the U.S., their spirits are as ebullient as their slogan: LET THE CHURCH STAND UP. As keynote speaker, they corralled the 38th President, Gerald Ford, and more than a few of them expect that the 39th President may be one of their own members, Jimmy Carter.

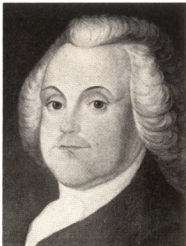
In an age of cool politicians, Carter acknowledges that he wept when he was "born again." He says without embarrassment that "Jesus is the most important thing in my life," and he often falls to his knees "to ask God to let me do the right thing." This fervent religiosity may have won Carter considerable sup-

port; not only are the Southern Baptists, now 12.7 million in all 50 states, growing by some 250,000 a year, but the total of evangelical Americans is estimated at between 40 and 50 million". But among skeptics, there remain lingering doubts about the political significance of Carter's religion and of the Southern Baptists themselves. Are they, as some fear, secretly prejudiced against blacks, Catholics, Jews, and indeed anyone unlike themselves? Are they likely to become an oppressive influence in a Carter Administration? Who exactly are the Southern Baptists and what do they stand for?

The first rule about Southern Baptists is that they make their own rules. Neither their president nor the convention as a whole has any authority to dictate policy to the 34,902 member churches, most of which have less than 300 members and all of which name their own ministers. "Southern Baptists are independent as hogs on ice," says Floyd Craig of the convention's Christian Life Commission. "Baptist churches range from authoritarian to permissive. But we do all share one common individual belief: If you're hungry and a man won't give you bread, then that man is no-account."

Baptist theology is somewhat more complicated than that, and the theo-

"The terms evangelical and fundamentalist are sometimes used interchangeably, but they have different connotations. Evangelicalism derives from Martin Luther's emphasis on the gospels and salvation through faith. Fundamentalism as a movement emerged shortly after 1900 and put renewed stress on miraculous aspects of the life of Christ. The groups may overlap since both fundamentalists and evangelicals emphasize the authority of the Bible rather than the church, but fundamentalists tend to be more conservative, both theologically and politically."

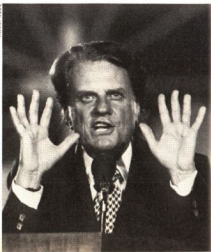


NONCONFORMIST ROGER WILLIAMS
"Dangerous opinions."

ogy is inextricably intertwined with the movement's history. Its basic beliefs—a personal involvement with Christ, the supreme authority of the infallible Scripture, and voluntary baptism, usually by full immersion—grew out of the non-conformist Puritanism of the 17th century. John Bunyan was a Baptist and "preached what I felt and what I smartingly did feel, even under that which my poor soul did groan and tremble to astonishment." The first Baptist church in America was founded in Providence in 1639 by Roger Williams, who had been recently expelled from Massachusetts for his "new and dangerous opinions." But Williams himself decided that same year that no single church, not even his own, could express the true religion.

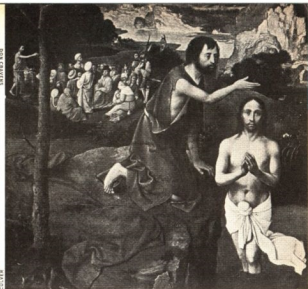
Bawling Nonsense? Despite these theological controversies, the Baptists grew together early in the 19th century only to be shattered by the fight over slavery. Church authorities declared in 1845 that no slave owner should be permitted to serve as a Baptist missionary, so the Southern Baptists seceded and organized their own convention. The Civil War brought ruin to many of them. Northern preachers demanded loyalty oaths from their defeated brethren, and many Southerners headed West, carrying Scriptures in their saddlebags and baptizing new converts in the creeks and cow ponds of the prairies. Out of the hell-fire tradition of revival-tent meetings grew an uglier tradition of prejudice and violence. The burning crosses of the Ku Klux Klan were a grotesque perversion of Christian principles, but an image was formed. "It became dangerous in the South to be intelligent," as H.L. Mencken scolded during the heyday of Klan power in the 1920s. "Every Baptist pastor became a neighborhood Pope... Every pastor was a chartered libertine, free to bawl nonsense without challenge... What the poor whites heard from the outside world they heard from

EVANGELIST BILLY GRAHAM IN ACTION



SOUTHERN BAPTISTS AT PRAYER MEETING





ADULT BAPTISM (HERE IN A TEXAS RIVER) DERIVES FROM ST. JOHN'S BAPTISM OF CHRIST (HERE BY JOACHIM DE PATINIER)
A tradition of preaching about all that made a poor soul groan and tremble in astonishment.

the lips of these pious ignoramuses."

The South of the 1920s is dead, of course, and so is the Southern Baptist of the '20s. Baptist leaders today protest with justifiable vehemence against stereotyped suspicions. "We're not a bunch of right-wing bigots," says Floyd Craig. "We're a pluralistic people. Every ethnic group is represented." Some 70,000 blacks now belong to the Southern Baptist churches, and several of the organization's key staffers are black. On the other hand, that 70,000 represents only one-half of 1%—a minuscule figure that Baptist leaders ascribe partly to local autonomy, partly to black separatism (black Baptists, of whom the most celebrated was Martin Luther King Jr., now total more than 11 million, organized in four major conventions). Of the many Southern Baptist churches that still have no black members, one is Jimmy Carter's home church in Plains, Ga. Though the Carter family itself supported the admission of black members, Plains Pastor Bruce Edwards says: "There is still segregation, but the rule is no longer enforced. There are no blacks who attend regularly, although there are some who attend occasionally."

Theologically, too, the Southern Baptists have changed since the days of the Scopes trial. Baptist theological students now study Kierkegaard and Tillich at six major seminaries (the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Fort Worth is the world's largest denominationally affiliated institution of its kind, with a student body of 3,470). While Baptist theology remains conservative, and the "inerrancy" of the Bible remains a common article of faith, the Baptists frown on the emotional phenomena known as the charismatic movement. In the past year, six churches in Texas, Ohio and Louisiana were "disfellowshipped" by their local associations for supporting faith healing and glossolalia (speaking in tongues). "The

mainstream of Baptist belief is not in sympathy with the tongues movement," growls President Weber, but true to Baptist principles of local autonomy, the disfellowshipping had no practical effect on the offending churches.

The one nonreligious field in which Southern Baptists take an almost theological interest is that of public morals. They oppose, by and large, all drinking, smoking and blasphemy. Also gambling. Sometimes even dancing. "Chastity is still an issue," said one Baptist leader as he surveyed the motions and petitions submitted to this week's convention. The Rev. Robert Holbrook of Hallettsville, Texas, has sent out 15,000 letters asking support for a resolution against abortion. Yet another petitioner calls for the abolition of rock music on the church's "power-line" radio program because all such music is asworn with "adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, heresies and revelings."

On such questions, the Southern Baptists have undeniably exerted an influence. Prohibition still prevails in some of the most hard-drinking areas of the South, and there are even widespread restrictions on such mild forms of gambling as church bingo. But when it comes to political interference, Baptists point to a long tradition of fighting for separation of church and state. Indeed it was their fear of a Roman Catholic President that led a group of Southern Baptist ministers to join in interrogating John F. Kennedy about his religious views in 1960, the last time that religion played a major role in U.S. presidential politics. Even today, says Foy Valentine, executive secretary of the Baptists' Christian Life Commission, "Roman Catholics who want tax money for their parochial schools and so forth will catch it from the Southern Baptists." But Carter says: "I've never tried to use my position as a public official to promote my beliefs, and I never would."

Despite such controversies, the thousands of messengers did not go to the dome-topped Scope Convention Hall in Norfolk to argue. They went for song and sermons and uplift. They went for the "Joggers Jubilee" and a concert by the Anita Bryant Singers. The backslapping men in plaid jackets, the women in bouffant hairdos and red-white-and-blue dresses, feel good—feel almost evangelical—about a church that is strong and successful and middle-class. For all its hierarchical looseness, the Southern Baptist empire extends to scores of colleges, newspapers and other holdings. The budget to be voted on this week calls for a record \$55 million for missionary work and social welfare. "There is a new sense of mission," Executive Committee Secretary Porter Routh said as he oversaw final preparations in Norfolk, "and a full sense that God is blessing this ministry."

Pep Talk Quality. Baptists have long claimed that sense of mission, one that transcends secular organization. Their ministers are as varied as former Georgia Governor Lester Maddox and former White House Press Secretary Bill Moyers, but no one conveys the Southern Baptist spirit more powerfully than Billy Graham, the Baptists' premier evangelist. His message is often one of sin and hell-fire, but there is also a pep-talk quality that has encouraged millions. In his best-selling book, *Angels*, Graham conveys that quality when he writes: "Because our [spiritual] resources are unlimited, Christians will be winners. Millions of angels are at God's command and at our service. The hosts of heaven stand at attention as we make our way from earth to glory... So don't be afraid. God is for you."

It is a message that Jimmy Carter—who still reads a chapter of the Bible every night, in Spanish—may have heard echoing through the long dark nights of the past few years.



MONTREAL'S OLYMPIC VILLAGE, CONSTRUCTED TO HOUSE 10,500 ATHLETES THIS SUMMER ...

SPORT

Ready to Raise the Torch

After three years of administrative hassles, labor troubles and ballooning costs, construction of the sprawling facilities for the games of the XXI Olympiad in Canada neared completion last week. The sun came out over Montreal following two weeks of cold and damp weather, allowing workmen to lay down the red tartan artificial surface in the stadium's eight-lane track. That took care of the last major project, though many odds and ends remain to be tied up before the lighting of the Olympic torch opens the 16 days of games on July 17.

About 10% of the 53,854 royal blue and egg-yolk yellow molded plastic seats around the stadium have yet to be installed. Another 5,415 temporary seats will be added, plus space cleared for 14,000 standees, but plans to air-condition the structure fell early victim to lagging work schedules. Though the stadium has an open top, it is designed so that no wind blows on the field—ideal for the record books but not the runners and spectators. July heat could cause "the climate on the field to resemble the threshold of hell," says Larry Eldridge, athletics coordinator for the organizing committee.

Slowdowns by electricians and plumbers threaten completion on time of various support systems, but none are serious enough to hold up any event. Sophisticated scoring and timing devices, for instance, have yet to be wired, as have the lights bordering the walkways into the stadium. But, says Olympic Park Boss Adrien Berthiaume, "if we have to run this thing like a country fair, then that's what we'll do. The world won't come to an end."

Nor is there any chance that anyone would mistake Montreal's Olympic

facilities for a country fair. The 27 major installations, all now ready, include Swimming Hall, which features a main 50-meter pool and a separate diving well with a 10-meter board and its own elevator; the Velodrome, a 7,200-seat banked (48° on the curves) oval for cycling races; Desmarteau Center, a 4,500-seat basketball arena; the Robillard Center, a 3,600-seat general sports area with a pool and a handball court; a spacious equestrian area complete with

jump course; and a sailing center with five precast concrete piers and enough facilities to handle the expected 145 entries.

The two 18-story pyramid structures that make up Olympic Village are ready to house an expected 10,500 athletes during the competition. Makeshift living modules have been set up on the ground floors to accommodate 1,300 athletes, with the rest scheduled to share the two buildings' 980 comfortably fur-





... AND THE WINDLESS STADIUM

nished apartments, ranging in size from one to six bedrooms. An 800-meter underground tunnel leads directly from the village to the stadium, both a convenience and a security measure.

The Olympic facilities originally were expected to cost Montrealers \$310 million; the last anyone counted, the price tag was up to \$1.5 billion. An investigation has already been threatened by Quebec's Premier Robert Bourassa to find out the causes of the bloated bill after the Games are over. Figuring out how to pay all those unexpected chits has been deferred until after the flags come down.

Alone at Sea

Dwarfed but not bowed, French Sailor Alain Colas is all alone sailing a 236-ft. four-masted schooner in the Singlehanded Transatlantic Race. Called *Club Méditerranée* after its principal sponsor, the vessel is the largest sailing yacht built since before World War I, and Colas is the only man ever to try to skipper such a leviathan without a crew across the treacherous Atlantic. He hopes to make the 3,000-mile passage from Plymouth, England, to Newport, R.I., in 18 days, beating his own record of 20½ days when he won the last race in 1972 in a 70-ft. ketch trimaran. To control the boat that Colas, 32, built at a cost of nearly \$1.5 million, he has the aid of an array of the latest electronic aids, but his plans for using a satellite navigational system were nixed by the race's sponsors, the London *Observer* and the Royal Western Sail Club. Like Colas's ship, the quadrennial race has grown monstrously since Sir Francis Chichester beat out four competitors in his 39-ft. boat in 1960. In this year's race, 125 entries, including ten Americans and four women, set sail June 5 on the arduous course.

Married. Terry Bradshaw, 27, quarterback of the Super Bowl champion Pittsburgh Steelers, currently trying to score off-season as a country-and-western crooner (first single: *I'm So Lonely, Some I Could Cry*); and JoJo Starbuck, 25, former Olympic skater now with the Ice Capades, in Los Angeles.

Died. Robert Leo (Bobby) Hackett, 61, American jazz virtuoso; of a heart attack; in West Chatham, Mass. Young Bobby left school in Providence, R.I., at 14 to play guitar gigs in local restaurants, and later moved on to the cornet, the trumpet and fame with Glenn Miller and other titans of the prewar Big Band era. More recently, Hackett had been paying his bills by performing anonymously in treacherous mood-music albums released under Jackie Gleason's name, but his reputation seems secure—almost as hot, cool and craftsmanlike on the horn in pieces like *String of Pearls* or *Body and Soul* as Louis Armstrong.

Died. Elisabeth Rethberg, 81, top Metropolitan Opera soprano for two decades, in Yorktown Heights, N.Y. Blonde, blue-eyed and almost fearsomely robust, German-born Rethberg tried out at the Met in 1922 and stayed for 20 years, drawing raves with a clear, effortlessly powerful voice that made her a standout in an era of great Met sopranos, including Kirsten Flagstad and Lotte Lehmann. She also brought a lively offstage presence to U.S. opera—once, during a tour with Met Basso Ezio Pinza, she collected not only bouquets but also a \$250,000 suit from Pinza's wife charging alienation of affections. "It's too full, my life," Rethberg said. "I just give and give."

Died. James Aloysius Farley, 88, Franklin D. Roosevelt's astute political strategist and fixer; in Manhattan. Farley was a consummate politician of the old ward-healing school, a big bluff, outgoing operator who belonged to every fraternal organization from the Elks to the Eagles, knew every local Democratic chieftain from his native New York to California, and could win a new ally or stroke an old one with a warm note signed "Jim" in his trademark Irish green ink. He left a prospering building-materials business for politics, "the noblest of careers," becoming New York State Democratic Secretary by 1928, when he managed F.D.R.'s successful gubernatorial race. In 1932 Farley steered Roosevelt's drive for the Democratic presidential nomination and his election victory over Herbert Hoover; armed with ample power and patronage as both national Democratic boss and Postmaster General, he masterminded an even bigger win for F.D.R. in 1936 against Alf Landon. After that, Old Pol

Farley fell out with the patrician F.D.R. and his zealous New Dealers, and in 1940 he quit his Cabinet and national party posts, suggesting that F.D.R.'s decision to run for an unprecedented third term had foreclosed his own ambitions for high elective office. Farley became head of Coca-Cola's foreign operations but never lost his taste for politics. He made plans to be on hand, smiling and greeting old friends, at every Democratic convention—up to, that is, next month's party jamboree in Manhattan. He was turned down as a delegate by New York Democrats, who felt that big Jim had had his last hurrah.

Died. Dame Sybil Thorndike, 93, *grande dame* of the British stage; of a heart attack; in London. The witty, compact daughter of an Anglican canon, Dame Sybil insisted that she cared "not a blessed hoot about stardom." Between her first appearance onstage in 1904 and her last, in 1970, she gave thousands of performances, many of them with London's famed Old Vic repertory and her actor-director husband, Sir Lewis Casson. Her favorite role: the boisterous peasant revolutionary in *Saint Joan*, which George Bernard Shaw wrote expressly for Dame Sybil.

Died. Adolph Zukor, 103, movie pioneer who built Paramount Pictures Corp. and brought the feature film to U.S. audiences; in Los Angeles. A tiny (5 ft. 5 in.), restless dynamo who arrived in the U.S. from Hungary at age 16 in 1889 with \$40 to his name, Zukor had a simple formula for success: "Look ahead a little and gamble a lot." In the early 1900s, he and another immigrant furrier, Marcus Loew, gambled on the fledgling moving picture business—first with a string of penny arcades featuring flickering, hand-cranked "peep-shows," later with storefront nickelodeons. Convinced that the movies' future lay in full-length dramas, Zukor in 1912 split with Loew, who later became one of the founders of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and invested \$35,000 in *Queen Elizabeth*, a cranky, French-made potboiler that starred an aging Sarah Bernhardt—and was a smash success. Zukor maneuvered his Famous Players Film Co. through a series of deals to form Paramount, the first film company with its own theater chain, and began turning out scores of movies, beginning with *The Count of Monte Cristo* in 1913, counting on high-paid stars, such as Mary Pickford and Rudolph Valentino, to draw the crowds. Unlike other early movie magnates, Zukor avoided both Hollywood and histrionics, preferring to manage his burgeoning entertainment empire from New York, where he ran Paramount until he retired as chairman at 93.

Teton: Eyewitness to Disaster

"This wet spot on the side of the dam started spurring a little water and I asked my mother, 'Do you think we should notify the authorities?' She said: 'I don't think it could be too serious because nobody is sticking his finger in the hole.'"

It was a warm Saturday morning. Dale Howard, 33, on vacation with his wife Linda and three daughters and visiting his parents in Idaho, had stopped around 10:15 at the newly completed Teton Dam, 40 miles northeast of Idaho Falls. Standing on an observation platform overlooking the 3,000-ft.-long, 307-ft.-high earth-fill dam, Howard, a geography professor at Minot State College in North Dakota, began taking routine tourist pictures with his Yashica 35-mm. camera. As he watched, "that darn hole started growing—quite slowly at first—forming a small waterfall down on one side. It still looked like just a minor leak."

Then, as Howard kept shooting the remarkable pictures on the following three color pages, the drama unfolded below him. Around 11 a.m. two "cat" operators, alerted to the trouble, drove their bulldozers down the slope of the dam and began trying to plug the leak by shoving boulders into the growing hole. As Howard recalled to Reporter Susan Snyder: "My wife was excited and my kids were crying because they thought that the world was coming to an end. It was really frightening. If I had had a weak heart, maybe it would

have stopped." Now the big cat had stalled, and the smaller one was trying desperately to pull it back from the widening hole. Suddenly both drivers scrambled to safety just seconds before the cats plunged into the hole, disappeared briefly, and then were shot out into the valley below by the rushing water. "The hole was enormous, and huge chunks were breaking off," says Howard. "By this time you could see daylight through the hole. It was almost like a natural bridge. Then [at 11:57] the whole thing fell, and it was a raging torrent."

When the water hit the power plant below, recalls Howard, "it just disintegrated. The water picked up a huge oil tank like a cork and away it went. There was a beautiful grove of cottonwood trees down below, and they were snapped off like matchsticks. Later I could see the water out on the plain. It was almost like a surrealist picture; as the water hit some of the farm fields, you could see an eerie cloud of dust and mist rise up three to five miles away."

Last week investigations were under way by the Interior Department, congressional committees and Idaho authorities to determine the cause of the June 5 disaster, which unleashed 80 billion gallons of water, killed at least nine people, injured more than a thousand, inundated 400,000 acres, devastated several communities, and caused more than \$1 billion in damage. Did the Teton rup-

ture represent some weakness inherent in earth-fill dams? Probably not; in the past three decades there have been no significant problems with the other 250 such dams erected by the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation. Was there some failing peculiar to the design or location of the Teton Dam? That seems more likely.

First authorized by Congress in 1964, the Teton Dam has been a subject of controversy from the start. Environmental groups argued that the dam's reservoir would wipe out a 17-mile-long stretch of the Teton River, favored by trout fishermen, and cover some 2,700 acres of habitat for deer, elk and other wildlife. But the Bureau of Reclamation insisted that the benefits of flood control and irrigation water that the dam would provide would far outweigh any damage to the environment. In 1972, scientists from the U.S. Geological Survey noted that the dam was in a seismically active area and might be endangered by earthquakes. Three years ago, in testimony before a federal court in a conservation group's suit to bar Teton's construction, Geologist Shirley Pytlak warned that the dam might leak because of extremely porous rock in the vicinity. In the wake of the disaster, Geologist Robert Curry, a professor at the University of Montana and an adviser to the Sierra Club, revealed that the 1972 earthquake hazard report by U.S.G.S. scientists had also mentioned that the terrain on one side of the dam site was softer than on the other, which meant that filling the reservoir would compact the earth more on the softer side. Said Curry: "This would cause a small rupture at the base of the dam, and when the bottom began to leak, the water would tear loose the basic earth structure, open a hole into which the rock covering would collapse and the whole dam would go. All this was predictable three years ago, and that is apparently what happened."

Water Surge. Dismayed Bureau of Reclamation engineers could not be that certain. "What we do know," said a spokesman, "is that the water surge started near the bank abutment on the right side of the dam. That may have been due to a leak through the grout [concrete barriers at the base and the sides of the dam], or it could have been due to a quirk in the local geology."

Whatever the investigations turn up, they will do little to ease the tragedy for thousands of farmers and townspeople. Even with help from Washington—and Idaho Governor Cecil Andrus says that "liability is clearly at the door of the Federal Government"—it will be years before the communities downstream from the ill-fated dam can completely recover from their losses. As the newly installed sign greeting arrivals at the Idaho Falls air terminal reads: "Tis sad."

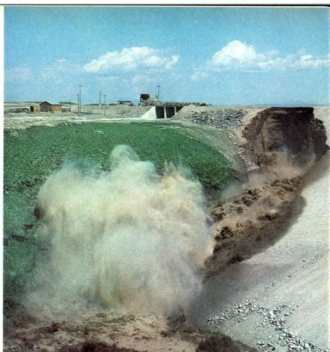
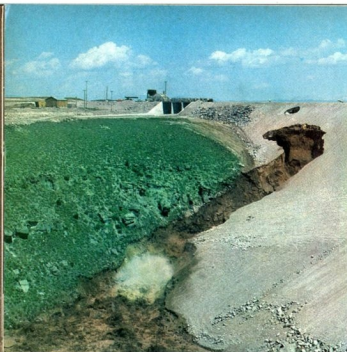
FLOODWATERS FROM RUPTURED DAM INUNDATE NEARBY TOWN OF REXBURG, IDAHO





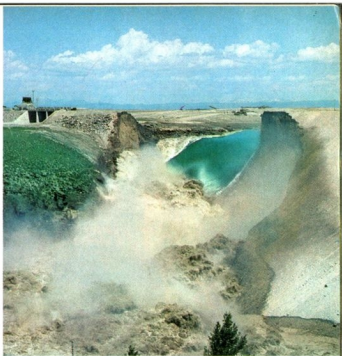
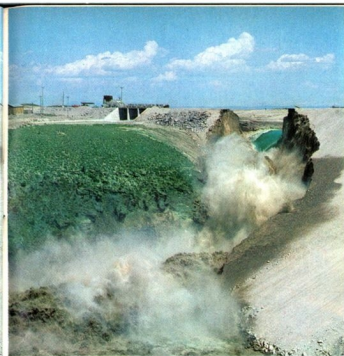
**AFTER VAINLY TRYING TO FILL BREAK
IN EMBANKMENT OF TETON DAM, TWO
"CAT" OPERATORS BACK TOWARD
SAFETY AS THEIR BULLDOZERS SLIDE
INTO THE WIDENING GAP**

PHOTOGRAPH BY DALE HOWARD



AS EMBANKMENT CRUMBLES, A TORRENT OF WATER RUSHES INTO VALLEY BELOW, PUSHING DUST AND MIST BEFORE IT







PASSENGER WHEELS BICYCLE OUT OF SPS TAXI. AT RIGHT: SPS INTERIOR



ALFA ROMEO PROTOTYPE IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK. AT RIGHT: PASSENGER BRINGS HIS LUNCH INTO AN AMF TAXI.



THE HANDICAPPED CAN BE COMFORTABLE IN A VOLVO TAXI. EXTERIOR OF THE VOLVO

Call Me a Taxi, You Yellow Cab!

In New York City, nothing is more onerous than debt and taxis; while the former is easy to get into, the latter is harder to get out of. Task forces are at work trying to cure the city of its financial problems, but very little has ever been done to ease the torments that cabs and their drivers inflict upon a helpless public.

A taxi ride is the chief means by which New York City tests the mettle of its people. A driver, for example, is chosen for his ability to abuse the passenger in extremely colorful language, the absence of any impulse to help little crippled old ladies into the cab, ignorance of any landmark destination, an uncanny facility for shooting headlong into the most heavily trafficked streets in the city, a foot whose weight on the accelerator is exceeded only by its spine-snapping authority in applying the brakes. Extra marks are awarded the driver who traverses the most potholes in any trip; these are charted for him by the New York City Department of Craters, whose job it is to perforate perfectly good roadways into moonscapes.

Paralytic Yoga. The taxi machines are selected with equally rigorous care. Most are not acceptable until they have been driven for 200,000 miles in Morocco. After that, dealer preparation calls for denting the body, littering the passenger compartment with refuse, removing the shock absorbers, sliding the front seat back as far as it will go, and installing a claustrophobic bulletproof shield between driver and passenger—whose single aperture is cunningly contrived to pass only money forward and cigar smoke back. All this is designed to induce in the customer a paralytic yoga position: fists clenched into the white-knuckles mode, knees to the chin, eyes glazed or glued shut, bones a-rattle, teeth a-grit. To a lesser extent, the same conditions prevail in other taxi-ridden U.S. communities.

To be sure, there have been attempts in the past to rectify the situation. Apart from those that suggested sheer violence, the only sensible approach was to bring in a fleet of London taxis, which are wondrously compact and comfortable, can turn on a tuppence, and come equipped with diesel engines and drivers who say "Sir," "Madam," and "Thank you." Some New York operators experimented with a London cab in Manhattan eight years ago, but rejected it when they discovered that the passengers enjoyed the ride.

Undaunted, Emilio Ambasz, 33, curator of design at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, decided two years ago that what New York and other cities needed was a totally new look in cabs.

He secured grants from the Mobil Oil Corp. and the U.S. Department of Transportation, sought advice from New York's Taxi and Limousine Commission, and drew up a 160-page study on taxis and their ideal specifications. He then persuaded five manufacturers to submit fresh designs based on the study. This week, Ambasz's dream, "The Taxi Project: Realistic Solutions for Today," went on display at the museum (see color). The five sturdy prototypes:

► Volvo: diesel-operated (22-24 m.p.g.); 75.6 in. wide; 67.7 in. high; wheelbase 120 in. Carries four passengers; entry through a sliding door.



VOLKSWAGEN'S TAXI MODEL PICKS UP A PASSENGER ON BUSY MANHATTAN STREET
A realistic alternative to sheer violence is a cab that can turn on a tuppence.

► Volkswagen: gasoline and electric power (20 m.p.g.); 69.3 in. wide; 77 in. high; wheelbase 94.5 in.; a variation of the VW Microbus model. Five passengers; retractable step, sliding door.

► Alfa Romeo: four-cylinder gasoline engine (18 m.p.g.); 69 in. wide; 70 in. high; wheelbase 90.5 in. Five passengers; sliding door, retractable ramp.

► SPS (Steam Power Systems): four-cylinder steam engine powered by unleaded gasoline, diesel fuel, kerosene, methanol (12 m.p.g.); 68 in. wide; 84 in. high; wheelbase 104 in. Five passengers; powered ramp, hydraulic doors.

► AMF (American Machine & Foundry): two-cylinder steam engine, burns the same fuels as the SPS (17.5 m.p.g.); 72 in. wide; 70 in. high; wheelbase 108 in. Five passengers; powered ramp, sliding door.

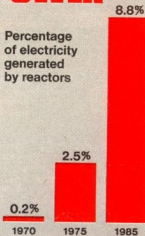
All the models answer Curator Ambasz's requirements for improved safety features (Volvo adds a padded swing-down crash bar), roominess and comfort for both driver and passenger (all the cabs, for example, are large enough inside to accommodate a wheelchair or baby carriage), anti-pollution devices and high maneuverability. "I think," says Ambasz, "it could be 24 to 30 months before we have some of these taxis on the road." So far, however, the manufacturers have shown little interest in starting production. They are aware that private owners and fleet operators are worried about initial costs, maintenance and availability of parts. Not many drivers are prepared to spend as much as \$10,000 (the projected production cost of the SPS model, for exam-

ple) for a cab only to have it laid up for costly hours while the mechanics hunt for new parts. It is also too early to gauge driver interest in models that are so radically new in design and size. New York cabbies like to have plenty of body surface to withstand the impact of New York's crunching traffic. Says one driver: "For New York, you need a tank, not a car."

Still, Ambasz and the designers deserve credit for the attempt. It is conceivable that some day production models of the prototypes could displace the hacks that rattle through U.S. streets and bring comfort to the public as well as esthetic appeal. After that, Curator Ambasz might want to run up a show featuring the prototype of the Bionic Cabbie—the perfect driver, built to passenger specifications.

NUCLEAR POWER

Percentage of electricity generated by reactors



TIME Chart/The Chartmakers, Inc.



ENGINEER CATCHING UP ON THE VOTE AT GENERATING STATION IN SAN ONOFRE, CALIF.

ENERGY

A Go-Ahead for Nuclear Power

The campaign degenerated into a mudslinging match, marked by incidents of vandalism, that confused rather than clarified the issue. But the vote could hardly have been more decisive. By a landslide margin of 2 to 1, Californians last week turned down Proposition 15, which might well have had the effect of banning nuclear power plants from the state. The message seemed clear: voters are not terrified by the remote possibility of a deadly nuclear accident, and they believe that atomic power is necessary to meet future demands for electricity.

If that is so, one—but only one—barrier to the large-scale development of nuclear power throughout the nation will be removed. The California referendum was the first of a series that safety crusaders are trying to force. Proposals similar to Proposition 15 will be put to Oregon and Colorado voters in November, and efforts are under way to get anti-nuclear measures on the ballot in at least seven other states: Arizona, Maine, Michigan, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma and Washington. The chances that any will be passed have obviously been weakened by the California defeat. A few months ago, Consumerist Ralph Nader predicted that public opposition within five years would bring all construction of nuclear power plants in the U.S. to a dead halt; that now seems an empty boast.

On the other hand, no surge of new atomic construction is likely. At present, 56 nuclear plants are producing

electricity in the U.S.; the Ford Administration, anxious to reduce American dependence on foreign oil, had hoped that 200 "nukes" would be operating by 1985. But the cost of building reactors is skyrocketing: one nuclear plant in Michigan that was originally budgeted at \$260 million will wind up costing \$1.4 billion. And though nuclear plants can produce electricity more cheaply than plants burning coal or oil, the cost is going up: the price of uranium fuel has leaped from \$7 a pound in 1973 to \$25 now.

Slow Growth. Beyond that, nuclear plants take up to ten years to complete and, once operating, are subject to frequent shutdowns because of already rigorous safety requirements. Also, demand for electricity now is growing more slowly than in previous years, so heavy investments in nuclear power look more risky than ever to utilities—even if they could raise the money. Gordon Corey, vice chairman of Chicago's Commonwealth Edison, which has more nuclear capacity installed than any other utility, notes that U.S. power companies contemplate investments of \$650 billion over the next 15 years—and will have to raise \$400 billion of that from outside sources, which may or may not be willing to put up that much cash.

So, the Federal Energy Administration recently has reduced by 25% its estimate of how much electricity nukes will provide by 1985. Even in that year, it calculates that only 8.8%

of U.S. power will be generated by reactors, v. 2.5% last year and .2% in 1970—and some of the reactors in place then may represent excess capacity. The California vote, then, probably means that nuclear power will develop about as it has: slowly and stumbingly.

Even that sort of growth seemed unlikely early this year, when the very restrictive Proposition 15 held a lead in California public opinion polls. The proposition would have banned all new atomic power plants and even forced the gradual shutdown of the three reactors now producing electricity in California unless two conditions were met. First, utilities and reactor manufacturers had to accept unlimited liability for damage claims that might arise out of a nuclear accident (at present, federal law limits their liability to \$560 million per accident). Second, both houses of the California legislature had to certify, by a two-thirds vote, that an existing or planned plant met certain stringent safety requirements. Snorted Former Governor Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown: "You can't get a two-thirds vote for a Mother's Day resolution."

Thyroid Cancers. The anti-nuclear forces, a coalition of environmentalists, consumerists and some scientists, enlisted Singer John Denver to raise money by giving rock concerts. Movie Star Robert Redford also joined their cause. The anti-nukes sent up to 5,000 young people a weekend on doorbell-ringing visits throughout the state. They harped on the idea that a reactor melt-

down could release a cloud of radioactivity that, in the words of one pamphlet, "could contaminate hundreds of square miles, forcing you to abandon your home, bankrupting your employer and giving thousands of children thyroid cancers." Toward the end, the anti-nuclear forces tried to portray the vote as a classic confrontation between ordinary citizens and big business, which, they charged, was spending millions to defeat the proposition.

Media Campaign. The friends of nuclear power—an odd assortment of business executives, labor leaders, prominent politicians from both parties, some black leaders and nine Nobel-prizewinning scientists—waged mostly a media campaign. They contended, correctly, that no one has ever been killed in a civilian nuclear power plant accident, and that the odds against one, given present safety standards, are very high. (One federal study estimated that, if the U.S. contained 100 nuclear plants, an accident severe enough to kill 1,000 people would happen literally once in a million years.)

More questionably, the pro-nukes argued that an anti-nuclear vote was in effect a vote for higher electric bills, more air pollution (since California power plants would have to burn more coal and oil) and mass unemployment. They also contended that if nuclear construction were stopped, California would face a power shortage, since atomic plants are expected to generate 23% of its electricity by the year 2000, v. 2% now.

Though they won, the pro-nuclear forces had to pay a price: acceptance of three bills, hurriedly passed by the California legislature the week before the vote in a successful attempt to head off Proposition 13. The bills provide that new atomic plants can be built only if a reprocessing plant for spent fuel exists, and if the legislature certifies—simply by majority vote—that nuclear wastes will be disposed of safely. Thus, despite the defeat of Proposition 13, California becomes the first state to enact restrictions on nuclear construction. But the bills are far less restrictive than Proposition 13, and power companies seem prepared to live with them. Their problem in building nuclear plants will be much less political than economic.

■ ■ ■
In another referendum in California, Los Angeles County voters defeated a proposed \$5.8 billion mass-transit system that would have been financed by a one-cent increase in the local sales tax (TIME, May 24). It was the third time in nine years that Angelenos have decided to snub mass transit and continue their long-standing love affair with the automobile.

ANTITRUST

In Favor of Business

Thomas E. Kauper (pronounced *koyper*) is a quiet, self-effacing man whose patience has finally reached its limit. Last week, after four years as Assistant Attorney General in charge of antitrust activities, the nation's senior trustbusting job, Kauper resigned and prepared to go home to Ann Arbor, Mich. Beginning in August, he will return to a teaching post at the University of Michigan Law School, from which former Attorney General Richard Kleindienst lured him in mid-1972.

Kauper said no harsh words about the Administration, but it would not be surprising if he had. He wanted to quit a year ago, but was talked out of it by Attorney General Edward Levi. Since then, Kauper has had the rug pulled from under his feet on several important occasions by none other than Gerald Ford, whose sympathy for big business is an obstacle in the path of congressional attempts to strengthen antitrust law. At the same time, opinion in legal and political circles, led by the Burger Supreme Court, has changed markedly in favor of business. Among lawmakers, there now seems to be a greater willingness to believe traditional business arguments that bigness is both a cause and a result of efficiency and competitiveness.

Two specific incidents undoubtedly helped to speed Kauper on his way back to Ann Arbor. In March, the Justice antitrust division suffered a humiliating defeat in one of its showcase anti-monopoly suits. It was forced to withdraw a complaint against the Goodyear and Firestone rubber companies, charging them with monopolizing the replacement-tire market. Reason: the charges were not provable under current law. The retreat played havoc with morale among the division's 440 lawyers.

Two weeks later, Kauper suffered another humiliation. As an Administration witness before Congress, he had endorsed a bill that, among other things, would give state attorneys general the power to sue on behalf of injured consumers. Kauper's view was approved by the Office of Management and Budget, but not by the President, who subsequently sent a letter to House Minority Leader John Rhodes withdrawing support for the bill. Kauper's pride was wounded, and so were the legislation's chances for unimpaired passage.

President Ford's dislike of new trust-fighting measures was also evident in the Senate, which finally approved a diluted antitrust bill last week after ten days of filibustering floor debate and 70 roll-call votes. Two key sections of the bill—one granting the same new power to sue and another that would hold up major merg-

ers while antitrusters studied their effects—were drastically weakened after the White House formally withdrew its support. A third section, providing a kind of broader civil subpoena power to antitrust investigators, slipped through even though the White House refused to lobby for it. The bill now heads for a House-Senate conference committee, where it faces further delay and more crippling amendment attempts.

Despite a 37% expansion in legal staff under Kauper, the antitrust division is still undermanned and overworked. Partly as a consequence, division lawyers are toning down their claims of direct consumer benefit from two of the major antitrust actions still pending: a suit to force divestiture by American Telephone & Telegraph of its subsidiary, Western Electric, and one



RESIGNED TRUSTBUSTER KAUPER
A limit to patience.

against IBM aimed at reducing its influence in the digital computer market.

One of Kauper's major accomplishments in office was to lobby successfully for stiffer penalties against price-fixers (three-year prison sentences for individuals and \$1 million corporate fines v. the previous one-year sentences and \$50,000 fines). But after 19 months on the books, the new felony penalties have never been successfully invoked. More to Kauper's credit has been the rise in public awareness of antitrust and its relation to consumer well-being. Says one department official: "There is now a constituency for antitrust." Unfortunately for Kauper's successor, who may be Cornell University Law Professor Donald Baker, a former Kauper aide, that constituency does not seem to include the White House.

WESTERN EUROPE

The New Economics of Communism

To most Americans, Communism conjures up images of the rigid, bureaucratized economic systems of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. Its main characteristics are state ownership of all enterprises, collectivized agriculture, strict government planning. Is this the vision offered by the Communist parties of Western Europe? To varying degrees, the answer is no. Western Europe's Communists say they want to create a sort of Eurocommunism that draws its inspiration from neither the Soviet Union nor China nor Yugoslavia. "None of the models existing in the world today apply to us," says José María González, economic spokesman of the exiled Spanish Communist Party.

Nowhere do the Communists sound more bourgeois than in Italy, where they hope to gain enough votes on June 20

and 21 to influence, if not control, economic policymaking in the next government. (The Paris-based newsmagazine *L'Express* recently caricatured French Communist Leader Georges Marchais eating spaghetti with a hammer and sickle in anticipation of the boost to his own party.) In its public pronouncements, at least, the Partito Comunista Italiano (P.C.I.) has disowned one of the basic tenets of Marxist economic analysis: that capitalism is in the process of being destroyed by its own contradictions. "This [Italy's economic] crisis is not an invention of the capitalist world," says P.C.I. Economist Eugenio Peggio. "It is an objective event."

Call for Sacrifice. Peggio's prescriptions for Italy's economic ills could almost have come from the economic research department of an American bank (with one exception: the P.C.I. insists upon national planning). Like everyone else, Peggio wants better public administration, a more efficient tax system, better controls over public spending, an end to Italy's massive borrowing abroad, investment in labor-intensive industries as well as in the depressed Mezzogiorno, and a further crackdown on the flight of capital.

"There is a need for sacrifices," Peggio says. "But it is unacceptable that they be borne disproportionately by working people." The P.C.I. is vague in describing these sacrifices, but they might include curbs on meat imports, higher taxes on certain consumer goods, and steep price hikes for such basic services as transportation and electricity. The Communists are afraid to advocate the one policy that many economists consider essential if Italy is to bring down its 25% annual inflation rate, namely, British-style wage restraints (see following story). The Communists also claim to be in the best position to reason with Italy's unruly trade unions, but many Italians doubt whether the P.C.I. has the necessary clout.

Unlike orthodox Marxists, Italy's Communists do not insist upon state ownership of all means of production. One reason is that the Italian government already controls the major banks as well as a host of companies ranging from automaker Alfa Romeo to the national airline, Alitalia. "We don't need further nationalization," says Peggio. "On the contrary, we need to avoid big private industries coming to the government to be rescued." Nor does the P.C.I. share the pathological aversion of many leftists to multinational corporations. "The problem at the moment," explains Luciano Barca, another P.C.I. economist, "is not that the multinationals are coming to Italy but that they are leaving." The Communists, however, insist that foreign companies operate in accordance with Italy's best interests; they

lean toward the sort of legislation that now exists in Canada, where foreign investors must document the benefits for the national economy before making new acquisitions.

In France, the Communists have only recently begun to discard some of their heavy ideological baggage. At the party congress in February, Leader Georges Marchais formally excised the term "dictatorship of the proletariat" from the party lexicon. Yet in spite of an alliance with the French Socialist Party that dates to 1972, the Parti Communiste Français (P.C.F.) remains more rigidly Marxist than its Italian counterpart. The centerpiece of the two parties' *Programme Commun*—which faces its next test at the polls in 1978—is a call for the nationalization of all companies in key sectors, including natural resources, armaments, aerospace, the nuclear industry, pharmaceuticals, computers and chemicals. The major banks, as well as Renault and Electricité de France are already in government hands. "If power doesn't come from ownership, why do capitalists want to own their industries?" asks Charles Fiterman, a member of the P.C.F.'s Politburo. But in deference to French farmers, an important political group, the Communists do not advocate an end to private land ownership. Says Fiterman: "If you collectivized vineyards, you would diminish the quality of wine."

Hopelessly Vague. In many ways, the economic policies of Western Europe's Communist parties bear an uncanny similarity to those of Northern European social democracies. Italian proposals for better social programs, improved working conditions, and a more egalitarian tax system seem banal in comparison with measures already in effect in Scandinavia and The Netherlands. The French party's fetish for nationalization is hardly different from that of the left wing of the British Labor Party. Communists reject such comparisons, claiming that social democracy only strengthens capitalism, while Communism leads to a "more advanced form of democracy." The Eurocommunists are hopelessly vague in describing this utopia.

There are good reasons for the apparently moderate economic views of Western European Communists. One is simply that the failures of the Soviet experience are clear for all to see. Another is the realization that countries like France and Italy are closely integrated into the Western economic system, and that sudden changes could be disastrous. Most important, though, is the fact that in Western Europe today Communists can only hope to come to power in some sort of coalition. The unanswered question is whether the moderate economic policies espoused by Eurocommunists represent a new strain in Communist thinking or whether they are just designed to smooth the party's way to power. Unfortunately, there is no way of knowing in advance.



L'EXPRESS CARICATURE OF MARCHAIS



POUND-WISE FRENCH SHOPPERS ON A SPREE AT LONDON'S MARKS & SPENCER

MONEY

A Bundle for Britain

Until recently, a grim joke among international moneymen was that British bankers were preparing a special Bicentennial gift for the U.S.: a pound worth \$1.776. Two weeks ago, the laughter grew thin; sterling fell to \$1.705, down from \$2.02 as recently as March. The pound's collapse threatened to weaken the international monetary system and cast a shadow over the industrial world's quickening recovery. Then last week a spate of good news buoyed the pound. Its value climbed to \$1.771 at week's end, raising hopes that the worst of the sterling crisis might be over.

The biggest lift came from reports that ten of the richest nations, along with Switzerland and the Bank for International Settlements, had provided the Bank of England with a \$5.3 billion line of credit—the largest single amount, \$2 billion, coming from the U.S. The hefty bundle for Britain strengthened the central bank's ability to halt the sharp decline in sterling by buying up pounds in international markets. Any of the credits the bank uses must be repaid in six months.

Weekend Calls. The action, which resulted largely from a series of weekend phone calls among central bankers, is a direct outgrowth of last November's economic summit at Rambouillet, France. At that meeting, President Gerald Ford and the heads of five other major industrial nations agreed to intervene to keep money markets orderly, which could include support for specific currencies that were deemed to have sunk too low. For months the British argued that investors had overreacted to Britain's formidable economic woes and had left sterling undervalued. While a cheaper pound gave British goods a price advantage in world markets, it also kicked up inflation by making more expensive the huge amounts

of food and raw materials that the nation imports.

Additional help for the pound came from Switzerland, which has been worried about losing export orders and tourists as a result of the rising value of its franc. Last week the Swiss moved to push the franc lower by making heavy purchases of other currencies, clamping a curb on speculative dealings, and cutting the central bank's discount rate from 2.5% to 2%—moves meant to make their franc less attractive for investors who want to flee sterling.

At the same time, the Labor government was able to offer investors further proof that it is gaining in its battle against Britain's destructive inflation, now running at an annual rate of about 13%. The often fractious coal miners' union voted to accept an agreement between the government and the leadership of the Trades Union Council to hold wage increases to an average of 4½%, or about \$4.61 a week, for the year beginning Aug. 1. The 11 million members of the T.U.C.'s constituent unions are widely expected to ratify the agreement in balloting this week.

The chief result of all this activity is to buy time for the British Labor government to right the wobbly economy. In general, its chances now seem good, though it still faces exquisitely difficult problems, such as how to slash expensive social services without losing the support of unions. Attention is now likely to shift to Europe's other economic disaster area, Italy, which next week faces a national election that for the first time could give the country's Communists a strong presence in government. Indeed, there is some belief, at least in Washington, that the ten-nation mission to rescue Britain may well have been intended partly as a signal to Italy. Its essence: if Italians reject the political blandishments of the Communists next week, they too might well be in line for more support in meeting their awesome economic challenges.

OIL

Barefoot in the Park

If Houston's first civic distinction is as "the energy capital of the world," its second is perhaps equally enviable: a 1,466-acre park of woodland trails that is almost twice as large as New York's Central Park. Geologists have long suspected that Houston's Memorial Park sits on a pool of oil and gas, and now the city wants to tap it. The scheme has naturally aroused the Audubon Society and the Sierra Club, but their distress pales beside that of the city's oil establishment. The oilmen are upset not because the city plans to drill in Memorial Park but because of the way Houston's mayor, Fred Hofheinz, is going about it.

The land for the park was sold to the city in the 1920s and 1930s by the estate of former Texas Governor James S. Hogg. There was one proviso: if the land was ever used for other than "park purposes," it would revert to the estate. To sidestep that restriction, the Governor's daughter, Ima Hogg, signed over the estate's drilling rights shortly before her death last year to an old friend, George R. Brown, president of Brownco Inc., a Houston-based drilling company.

Mental Difficulty. Brownco proposed to undertake the drilling under the ground rules that have made the oil industry, and Houston, for that matter, what it is today. The company would sink exploratory wells at its own risk and turn over a royalty payment of up to 35% of the value of any strike, to be divided equally between the city and the Hogg estate. If, as the city fathers hope, there is oil and gas in the ground worth \$50-\$60 million, Houston would thus benefit from a large windfall. As Brownco and the city saw it, the exploratory wells could be drilled on a slant from the park's maintenance area without appreciable danger to flora and fauna. As for the proviso forbidding commercial development, the city's lawyers were satisfied that since a handsome slice of revenues from any producing well would be earmarked for park improvements, this would nicely satisfy the test that the land be used for "park purposes."

Presumably all would have been well except that the more he thought about it, the more strongly Mayor Hofheinz felt that the city was getting the short end of the spoils. As a result, Brownco withdrew its proposal last month, and Houston's city council flabbergasted the oil community by deciding to launch a court action to claim oil and gas rights in the park for the city. Fumed a lawyer for a major oil company: "It's a government takeover, pure and simple."

Although the city has yet to file its suit, Mayor Hofheinz is scouting for a company willing to do the drilling on a "public interest basis" and turn over all royalties to the city as a charitable contribution. So far he has had no takers.



HOUSTON'S MAYOR FRED HOFHEINZ
On the short end of the spoils.

and many oilmen suspect that the whole incident is a bit of political grandstanding by the mayor, and that no drilling will ever be done. As a Brownco lawyer tartly puts it: "Anyone who turns down a 35% royalty offer is going to be suspect in the oil industry of having some mental difficulty."

CORPORATIONS

Stretched Debt

Executives of the crisis-prone Lockheed Aircraft Corp. are well aware of the risk in seeing a light at the end of the tunnel: they can never tell when it might be another freight train heading Lockheed's way. Last week, however, the light that Chairman Robert W. Haack saw turned out to be for real. Lockheed's 24 creditor banks approved a plan to restructure the company's debt in a way that clearly eases the aerospace giant's financial woes, though it does not solve them.

Lockheed's pressing financial worry was not a lack of cash or poor earnings, but a balance sheet weakness that Haack, who took over as chairman four months ago, defined succinctly: "We've got to get the debt down and the equity up." In order to stave off a Lockheed bankruptcy in 1971, the Government guaranteed \$250 million of an infusion of \$645 million in bank borrowings by the company. This has left Lockheed burdened by a ratio of debt to shareholders' equity that would be uncomfortably high for any company. Under the new refinancing plan, the bankers agreed to exchange \$50 million of the unguaranteed portion of the debt for warrants to buy Lockheed preferred stock. The remaining \$350 million in unguaranteed debt was also converted—from 90-day term notes to an extended-term loan calling for installment payments stretching into 1981.

Haack would have preferred the

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

bankers to cancel still more of the debt in return for warrants. Nonetheless, he had good reason to be pleased. The refinancing has bought the company the time it needs to try to fill its order books and refurbish Lockheed's image following its payola scandals. Shareholders will be asked to approve the deal at a long-postponed annual meeting early in the fall. Haack is confident that they will find the company's prospects brighter than they have in some years. Said he, in an interview with *TIME* Correspondent Jerry Hannifin: "If our earnings continue, it is likely that the equity of Lockheed at the end of 1976 will be in the neighborhood of \$150-\$160 million. Consider that our equity at the end of 1974 was \$27 million. You can see what's in the process of happening."

The agreement with the 24 banks was delayed by Haack's darkest day at Lockheed, when Canada abruptly pulled out of a \$1.06 billion order for 18 Orion antisubmarine patrol aircraft. "I tell you," says Haack, "you haven't known heartbreak until a billion-dollar deal is canceled on you on two minutes' notice." The order collapsed over a billion-dollar misunderstanding: Ottawa and Lockheed each thought the other was to be responsible for financing early stages of the contract. But Lockheed may still not have lost the Canadian business: Haack has submitted a new proposal stretching the production schedule and thus reducing the outside financing required to a presumably manageable \$120 million.

Lockheed has partially made up for the potential loss of revenue from Canada by signing a \$625 million contract for an air traffic control system for Saudi Arabia. It has also landed a Saudi order for three TriStar jumbo jets—the first of many orders that the company will need but that are not in sight, if it is to recoup the L-1011's huge development costs. Says Haack carefully: "I don't classify myself as being exuberant, but I'm beginning to get cautiously optimistic." On the confidence scale, this is surely a new note at Lockheed.

Chasing the Bouncing Ball

In the shifting world of corporate status symbols, even the humble office typewriter has a place. These days, the machine that secretaries envy is the IBM Selectric, a "single-element" typewriter that replaces the familiar semicircular bank of type keys with a removable bouncing ball of type.* The machine is symbolic of the extraordinary bounce of IBM itself, which has dominated the office typing business for the 15 years since the Selectric was introduced. This year IBM will hold an estimated 65% of the

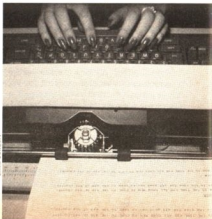
*Briefly the typewriter keys activate a mechanism that rotates a nickel-plated plastic ball on which letters and numerals are raised. Tilted to the proper angle for each character, the ball strikes the typing surface, then moves on.

\$600 million office electric typewriter market. The company's hegemony has drawn the attention of the Federal Trade Commission's antitrust division. Yet for the first time, IBM also faces competition from manufacturers who have learned that profits follow the bouncing ball. It has taken competitors as long as ten years to engineer their way past the thicket of patents that IBM erected around its invention. Since last summer, however, five companies have entered the single-element field. At least one more is expected. Chief among the rivals is the Royal Typewriter Co., a division of Litton Industries, whose new offering is called the 5000. Other brand names are Remington (a Sperry Rand attraction), Triumph-Adler (another Litton subsidiary), Italy's Olivetti and Sweden's Facit. A Japanese entry is still to come.

Less Labor. Together, the competitors have so far wrested 7% of the market away from IBM. Royal and some of the others even claim to have eliminated a minor but noticeable problem with the Selectric: "the flick." When two keys are hit in quick succession, the Selectric occasionally prints the second one as a hyphen. It is a problem that IBM puts down to changes in heat or humidity.

Secretaries find single-element typewriters faster, and the machines have fewer moving parts to maintain. From IBM's point of view, of course, their real attraction is profitability. Less labor is involved in the manufacture of the Selectric, yet it sells for a premium price—\$630-\$840. All of IBM's new rivals sell in the \$650-\$700 range. Now, though the company denies it, IBM appears to be withdrawing gradually from the ordinary electric typewriter market. It is a move that in the long run may help spell the end of the familiar, jammable typewriter. Another innovation may hasten that change in the future: Xerox Corp. has produced a further revolutionary design in typing equipment. The Xerox 800 is a machine that prints letters from a whirling disc printer called a "daisy wheel." Its advantage is that when attached to a computer it will print while moving either backward or forward across a page, thus offering even speedier typing.

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CINEMA

A Piece of Truth

UNE PARTIE DE PLAISIR

Directed by CLAUDE CHABROL

Screenplay by PAUL GEGAUFF

He is an intellectual—precise occupation unspecified—whose handsome face is marred by the arrogant and spoiled curve of his mouth. She is pretty in a sensible sort of way. They have the obligatory child. When we meet them they are enjoying a walk on an offshore island. That evening, in their tasteful country home, he admits to having some affairs—no more significant to him, he says, than a cigarette or a drink—and suggests that she might take casual pleasure in such shenanigans. Mr. Wonderful! He is clearly convinced that his wife could not possibly find anyone with wit and style to match his own.

But of course she does—a younger



THE GEGAUFFS IN PLAISIR

Banal bust-ups.

intellectual even more half-baked than her husband. Or maybe it is just that freedom from her husband's endless absorption with himself is its own reward. In any event, he finds her infidelity less easy to take than he had imagined. He responds with a sort of obsessive nagging that fails to mask a mounting rage. It could not be better calculated to drive her still farther from him. The result, finally, is separation, new marriages and, in a sudden burst of startling savagery, a beating of his former mate that is so severe that he is given a jail term.

Claude Chabrol's brilliant film (in translation, *A Piece of Pleasure*) is not to be understood as a triangle à la mode. It is not about love or even about the ways we contrive to squander it. Nor is it to be read as a women's lib tract. Rather, the film examines the psychology of marital separation, to show us as no

TIME, JUNE 21, 1976



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CINEMA

movie ever has some of the mental states one must endure in this increasingly common condition.

What is fascinating is to see a man who is introduced as almost a parody of the chauvinistic mode brought to a near-adolescent state in which increasingly erratic behavior is determined by violent waves of emotion that he cannot comprehend, let alone control. At one point he is found trying to enlist his child (no more than six or seven years old) to plead the cause of reconciliation with her mother. A moment later he is marrying a vaguely pleasant young Englishwoman, and a moment after that he is arranging to meet his former wife accidentally in the street so he can beg her to take him back.

Separated State. This he does very badly, passionately pointing out that the reason he must have her is so he can turn his unceasing inner monologue about their situation into a dialogue. She replies—accurately—that his problem has always been that he can only see her as an extension of himself. Shortly thereafter he is trying to enlist her lover to plead his cause. After which he nearly beats her to death. After which he is discovered in jail, still fantasizing reconciliation.

He is a thoroughly unpleasant fellow, yet somehow engaging. One cannot help responding to his pain or fail to understand that his desperate distortions of reality are necessary to someone in his condition. Marital bust-ups are one of the banalities of our time. *Une Partie de Plaisir* suggests persuasively that the root cause of the breakdown of a relationship is self-absorption, the failure of one party or the other to open himself or herself to the other's needs. The film also shows, devastatingly, how in the separated state, the aggrieved parties cannot seem to help bringing out the worst in each other.

A movie that conveys this information with brutal specificity is not "a piece of pleasure." But Director Chabrol has never been cooler or less self-conscious stylistically. The husband is acutely played by Screenwriter Gegauff, whose own wife Danielle is excellent as the woman. What *Une Partie de Plaisir* offers is a discomfiting piece of truth—and therefore it deserves the widest possible audience.

Richard Schickel

Swiss Cheese

THE END OF THE GAME

Directed by MAXIMILIAN SCHELL

Screenplay by MAXIMILIAN SCHELL and FRIEDRICH DUERENMATT

The End of the Game asks us to contemplate the following unlikely but not entirely uninteresting proposition: that in 1946, in Istanbul, a young man destined to become a master international criminal murders a young woman in front of a friend who is destined to become a master Swiss detective. He does



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Determined That Cigarette Smoking
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CINEMA

so in such a way that a rap cannot be pinned on him, but his former friend pursues him for three decades. Finally the detective maneuvers his ancient adversary into a situation where he must inevitably take the fall for one of the few crimes—oh irony of ironies—he did not commit.

Frittered Away. All of this might have been made into a trim mystery of the puzzle-solving variety except for two factors. The first is that it is based on a novel by Co-Scenarist Duerrenmatt, who must cloud the simplest scenes with a thick layer of existential gas. Director Schell, who helped anesthetize the script, compounds that error by directing in a style that is virtually an anthology of antique art-movie clichés as practiced on the Continent.

Schell is fatally dependent on fog machines for atmosphere, never makes



BISSET & VOIGHT IN *GAME*
Existential gas.

a simple cut when he can use a stately and portentous camera movement. He loves strange visual juxtapositions—a leopard roaming around a mansion or a violinist sawing away under a tree in a meadow—because jarring imagery, though it conveys no useful information, is fondly believed to wow the impressionable.

Some interesting and normally intelligent actors are involved in this nonsense. Robert Shaw is the master crook, and Martin Ritt, better known as a director (*Hud*, *Sounder*, *Conrack*), plays the Swiss cop who is his nemesis. Jon Voight plays Ritt's assistant—and unwitting tool—while Jacqueline Bisset does time as lover to both Shaw and Voight. Their skills are all frittered aimlessly away in a movie that offers slowness of pace as an earnest of artistic integrity. The only emotion that the audience is likely to work up watching this unconscionable bore is an irresistible desire to be almost anywhere else but in the theater.

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BOOKS

The Politics of Joy?

THE EDUCATION OF A PUBLIC MAN
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513 pages, Doubleday, \$12.50.

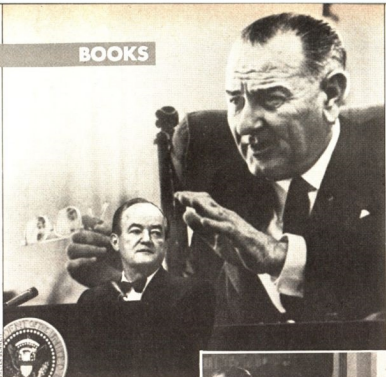
Over a period of nearly three decades, the highly chronicled career of Hubert Humphrey must have used up an ocean of ink and enough film to jam the hold of *Queen Elizabeth 2*. Beyond that, the former vice president is one of the most garrulous men in history. Is an autobiography necessary? Has anything been left unsaid? In truth, not a great deal. Humphrey's autobiography lays bare few secrets. It is an inside story only in the sense that it gets inside the subject in a manner no biographer could do. Predictably, it authenticates much of the best that has been written and said about Humphrey. Surprisingly, it also affirms some of the worst.

The publication date appears too clever by half, almost coinciding with completion of the presidential primaries and a still faintly possible last-minute "draft Humphrey movement." But *Education* is no campaign document. It is more an apologia, a *mea culpa* for the Nixon trauma that Humphrey believes he could have spared the nation, a cry for understanding of a tragic flaw in character that prevented him from doing so.

Dust Bowl and Depression. Humphrey dwells fondly, at times movingly, on the Dust Bowl and Depression years that scarred his psyche without crushing his spirit: "I used to see my father, his exuberant spirits momentarily giving in, sitting head in hands, grinding his life away between unpaid bills and unpaid accounts." At seven the future Vice President washed glasses in the family drugstore. At 16 he wept with his parents when they were forced to sell the family home. His political philosophy was soon forged: New Deal, Big Government. "I witnessed," he writes, "how government programs literally rebuilt the territory and again made life tolerable."

For young Humphrey, Mecca became Washington, D.C. His first visit in 1935 at age 24 reduced him to barely coherent babbling. To his wife Muriel, he wrote: "Washington, D.C., thrills me to my very fingertips. I simply revel and beam with delight in this realm of politics and government. Oh, gosh—I hope my dream comes true."

Humphrey quickly scrambled to the top of the political heap in Minnesota. In 1948, Senator-elect, he forced a liberal civil rights plank on the Democratic Convention. But in 1949 when he arrived in the Senate, he found that this proud achievement had made him an outcast with the Southern senatorial barons. As if the memory still pains, Hum-



HUMPHREY DWARFED BY L.B.J. POSTER . . .

phrey recalls Georgia's Richard Russell referring to him as "a damn fool." Humphrey's insecurity and ambition, his need for approval made ostracism, indeed, any sort of slight, unendurable. He never forgot the experience. From then on, Humphrey placed an unacceptably high premium on approval. In the end, it was this that stopped the energetic, engaging and gregarious Midwesterner just short of fulfilling his dream.

When he became Lyndon Johnson's Vice President, the Oval Office was only a step—and a heartbeat—away. But Johnson made immediately clear what their relationship would be: master and vassal. Shortly after the 1964 convention that nominated them, L.B.J. drove Humphrey around his Texas ranch. Spotting a deer, Johnson shouted: "Hubert, there's one for you. Get it!" The very thought of shooting a living creature repelled him, but Humphrey obeyed. Then, as he tells it: "I turned to Johnson with a mixture of satisfaction at having done so well what he wanted and revulsion at having killed the deer." It was a fateful response. To make certain the lesson and its symbolism had been learned, the President told the Vice President to fire again. He did. Humphrey relates the incident as a plea for understanding of what he was up against in the overbearing Johnson. But it reveals far more about Hubert Humphrey than about Lyndon Johnson.

Mentor and Tormentor. Once set, the pattern hardened. As early as 1965—two years before Eugene McCarthy broke with Johnson over the Viet Nam War—Humphrey produced a prophetic memorandum urging the President to cut his losses and get out. As a result,



... AND BEHIND THE DRUGSTORE COUNTER
Reveling in Washington.

Humphrey was banished from White House councils. But instead of pressing his case, he again found exclusion more than he could bear. He became a vocal defender of the war.

By 1968, Viet Nam had divided the country and destroyed Johnson. Still, Humphrey clung to his mentor—and tormentor. Even in seeking the presidency on his own, he could not cut the cord. Fearful that a public attack by Johnson would destroy him with old-line Democrats and ensure his defeat, Humphrey failed to point the country toward a direction he knew it should go. Only late in his campaign did he step gingerly away from Johnson; when he did, his campaign surged. But it was too late.

"I was ready," Humphrey mourns. "I'd really trained for the presidency. I know government . . . We could have

BOOKS

done so much good." In this judgment there is no reason to doubt him. The education of the consummate public man was indeed very nearly complete. But one lesson remained unlearned, and it is far from clear in Humphrey's autobiography whether he has learned it even yet.

Hays Gorey

Incorrodable Shamus

THE LIFE OF RAYMOND CHANDLER
by FRANK McSHANE
306 pages. Dutton, \$12.50.

Twenty years after his last bow, the paradigm of detective-as-Lochinvar is still Raymond Chandler's incorrodable shamus, Philip Marlowe. He was, of course, a total fiction. As Chandler admitted, "the real-life private eye is a sleazy little drudge... a strong-arm guy with no more personality than a blackjack. He has about as much moral stature as a stop-and-go sign."

Marlowe was an appropriate creation by a man who was himself an anthology of ambiguity. Biographer Frank McShane, Professor of creative writing at Columbia University, offers sheaves of contradictions from Raymond Chandler's long but unpolished career. His colloquial American fiction was written by a snob trained in an English public school and weaned on Latin and Greek. The *disabuse* Marlowe was the polar opposite of his creator, a sentimentalist who liked to write doggerel about "brief butterfly hours." Marlowe was surrounded by young ladies of wondrously

easy virtue; Chandler adored his mother and married a woman 20 years his senior. Marlowe never had a pedestrian afternoon; Chandler was a preoccupied oil company executive until a combination of personal and economic depressions forced him, at the age of 44, to live by his wit.

This is hardly the ore of glistening literary biography and, save for a précis of Chandler's boozy sojourn in Hollywood—where he wrote the script for *Double Indemnity* and *Strangers on a Train*—McShane does little more than apologize for his reticent and rude subject. Like one of Marlowe's villains, Chandler was anti-Semitic and anti-Negro in inclination, alcoholic in practice and notably hostile even to those who praised him.

W.H. Auden, for example, suggested that Chandler's "powerful but extremely depressing books should be read and worked, not as escape literature, but as works of art." Edmund Wilson's exorcism of mystery writers excluded the Marlowe books from unfavorable comment. "Farewell, My Lovely," wrote the critic, "is the only one of these books that I have read all of and read with enjoyment." The author was unimpressed. "To him," reports McShane, "Mystery of *Hecate County* proved that Edmund Wilson did not know how to write, and he poked fun at the solemnity of Auden's remarks about the 'critical milieu.'"

The Big Sleep. None of this detracts from Chandler's ability to separate the amateur from the prose. Modern Russian literature is supposed to have tumbled from Gogol's overcoat; the American detective—from Ross MacDonald's Lew Archer to Gordon Parks' *Shahj*—enters in Philip Marlowe's trench coat. Even Dashiell Hammett's earlier fictions have not been so pervasive—largely, as Chandler noted, because "his writing has no echo and no tone." Chandler's does. The shady poetry of his similes ("I was as out of place as a tarantula on a wedding cake"), his metaphors ("the minutes went by on tip-toe with their fingers to their lips"), his fadeouts ("What did it matter where you lay... in a dirty sump or in a marble tower on top of a high hill? You were dead, you were sleeping the big sleep")—indicated a mind larger than the ghetto of the detective story in which it was trapped.

He was perennially urged to break out, to write something more "serious" than a mere detective novel. He always refused. This was Chandler's final paradox, his simultaneous tragedy and guarantee of stature. Despite McShane's claims for his subject as "one of the most important writers of his time," the author saw himself with less extravagance and literary pomp. "The best mystery-story writers," he once wrote, "are those whose perceptiveness does not outrage their material." As always, Raymond Chandler was master of the exit line.

Stefan Kanfer



NOVELIST EVAN S. CONNELL

Cherchez la Femme

DOUBLE HONEYMOON
by EVAN S. CONNELL
252 pages. Putnam, \$7.95.

Readers of Evan Connell's *The Connoisseur* already know Karl Muhlbach, the middle-aged insurance executive and widower who developed a quiet obsession with pre-Columbian art. An innately cool eye for authenticity got him lost. Muhlbach's sudden desire to possess statuary caused him embarrassment again decides to take a risk within limits. This time it is a brief fling with a beautiful young girl every bit as exotic and cracked as a piece of pre-Columbian pottery.

She has an unlikely name, Lambeth Brent, and she treats Muhlbach as if he were a middle-aged door mat. Though he makes a fool of himself over her, he never loses his discretion or his cool collector's eye. Here is Muhlbach on entering Lambeth's apartment for the first time: "On the walls a cheap Miro print, a Tantra poster, a blowup of Humphrey Bogart, half a dozen tissue paper collages." On her shelves, "a picture book about Marilyn Monroe. Scientology. I Ching. M.C. Escher prints. One of Heyerdahl's raft trips. A bestseller by a formidable lady with three names."

What is a cultivated, conservative man from Metropolitan Mutual doing in a place like that? The fact is that Lambeth is delicious and Muhlbach is bored. He would not put it quite that way but Señor Rafael Lopez y Fuentes, a Honduran diplomat does. Lopez is a captivatingly unctuous minor character whom Lambeth has lightly discarded. He does more than take pleasure in trying to warn Muhlbach about the hazards of playing with wildfire; he takes him to see *Double Honeymoon*, a porn movie in which the girl has a rather animated part. Only her death (she either jumped or fell from her window while drunk) breaks the spell and conveniently ends the book.

But not before Novelist Connell has had a chance to display his characteristic talent for getting a maximum of



RAYMOND CHANDLER & FRIEND, 1949
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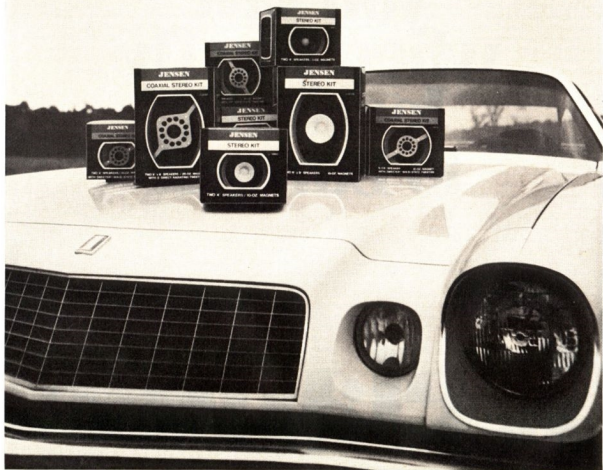
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BOOKS

feeling and perception from a minimum of words. At a time when books about women as victims appear with numbing regularity, *Double Honeymoon* seems a skillful unpretentious throwback to the tradition of woman as seducer—a kind of *Blue Angel* with button-down wings.

R.Z. Sheppard

The Twelfth Man

BROTHERS

by CHAYYM ZELDIS

497 pages. Random House. \$10.

This gaudy costume novel elaborates lengthily on one of those history-as-it-wasn't ingenuities: the supposition that Jesus—though he did not know it himself—had a malevolent older brother. Obsessed by his hatred of the young mystic, he pretended belief, joined Jesus' band of followers, then betrayed him to the Roman authorities. The idea is intriguing. The family relationship between good and evil makes a strong metaphor, and the attempt to add flesh and fury to the rather thin biblical characterization of Judas invites attention.

Yet Chayym Zeldis, a prizewinning poet and novelist (*Golgotha*) offers little more than *The Robe* turned inside out. The narrative is just adequate as a melodramatic page turner. But an author who invents a 500-page confessional memoir by the principal villain of Christianity might be expected to advance some notions about the nature of evil, and in this respect the novel is simply vacant-minded.

Judas (who, portentously, is never referred to by name) commits a sufficient number of murders and other lapses of conduct to qualify as one of society's pustules. The author imagines his rise by sheer meanness from nonentity to the position of War Minister in the court of Herod. He plots to overthrow Herod, and then, himself deposed and displaced from power, meets his long-lost younger brother, whom he goads into raving on seditiously about the kingdom of God.

The sly purpose involved, he confides to his journal, is to saddle gullible humanity with the empty cult of a charismatic fool. To accomplish this he engineers the entire Crucifixion, arranges the mysterious disappearance of his brother's body and then cynically dictates wondering and sentimental accounts of it all to Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Having struck these gongs, the author lets all vibrations die away. It is unclear whether he feels that he has made a comment on Christianity's failures or written an ironical tale of good growing from evil.

A more talented literary mischief maker—Gore Vidal, perhaps—might have carried the novel off, but Zeldis's book is children's theater. His Judas figure is really naughty Captain Hook boasting of wickedness.

John Skow



ADMIRERS CLOSE IN ON MARGOT FONTEYN AS THE RICH & MERRY WIDOW

DANCE

Demiballet

How can we tell the dancers from the dance? was the question that Yeats posed. In the case of the Australian Ballet's new version of Franz Lehár's *The Merry Widow*, the difference is all too readily apparent. The show, now at Washington, D.C.'s Kennedy Center and scheduled to play in New York and London, is opulently and ebulliently staged; it makes a refreshingly short, diverting summer evening at the theater. But it is not really a ballet. The dancers move through production numbers stitched together by recitatives of mime. They smile brilliantly, toss back their heads and wave champagne glasses. Often there is not much else for them to do. A question recurs with nagging frequency: Why aren't these people singing?

Adapting classic Viennese operetta to dance has been the dream of Sir Robert Helpmann, 67, the Australian Ballet's director for 50 years. The idea is a seductive one. The operetta, of course, has dancing in it. The score is filled with mellow waltzes and Hungarian folk tunes, complete with mandolins and castanets. The trap for a choreographer lies in Lehár's melodies, which enhance the voice like exquisite garments that are no longer made. No steps danced to *Vilja* are satisfying, because memory hears a soprano singing.

Helpmann staged *The Merry Widow* in part because he felt that in Dame Margot Fonteyn he had the ideal leading lady. He was her first partner in the late '30s when, as a teenager, she danced classic roles at the old Sadler's Wells

Ballet. Dame Margot is 57 now. She performs, she says modestly, because people still ask her to. She is, in fact, one of the great international box office draws in show business. Audiences who pay to see her as the wealthy widow of Pontevedro will get their money's worth in her warm, elegant presence and the effortless charm of her acting. To go hunting in the back of the mind—as one does for the words to *Vilja*—for the ease and celerity that once made her dancing so youthful, is to be saddened. Dame Margot's flashing dark eyes and her smile offer a promise she can no longer deliver.

Reckless Waltzes. The evening does have some amusing nonsense and high spirits. The sets and costumes by Desmond Heeley are not only clever but look notably fresh. The music, arranged and conducted by John Lanchberry, sounds like a serious ensemble rather than the pickup assortment that often accompanies dance. The Austrians are a very handsome company. The girls are among the prettiest dancers around; the men are tall and athletic. John Meehan, who plays Count Danilo, the rich widow's reluctant lover, is positively coltish. He carries off the evening with blithe bravado, swinging Dame Margot around in reckless waltzes or flinging her high with one-arm lifts. Meehan will never be the partner Helpmann was, but he embodies the insouciance that is the production's most endearing quality. This *Merry Widow* is not what it aspires to be—an evocation in dance of old Vienna—but it makes an amiable evening.

Martha Duffy

THE PRESS

Coverage in Depth

On the surface, the idea seemed, well, monstrous. But the deeper the New York Times looked into it, the more irresistible the venture became: the *Times* should go after the Loch Ness Monster.

Getting exclusive stories through the sponsorship of scientific investigations—and related feats of derring-do—is a grand but largely abandoned tradition of U.S. journalism.* It was the New York *Herald* that sent Henry M. Stanley on one of history's most celebrated man hunts ("Find Livingstone!" ordered Publisher James Gordon Bennett Jr. in 1869). The *Times* backed Commander Robert E. Peary in the 1908 North Pole race with \$4,000 and got more for its money than the *Herald*, which put \$25,000 behind Dr. Frederick Cook. In 1922 the *Times* bought U.S. rights to stories from an archaeological expedition seeking King Tut's tomb, a venture in which the London *Times* staked \$100,000. Meyer Berger, in his *Story of the New York Times*, wrote that scarcely a season went by between 1923 and 1949 that the paper did not offer "some first-hand account of man's thrilling air, sea and land conquests."

Still, current readers of the *Times* were startled two weeks ago to find on

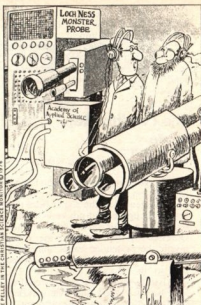
*The practice still flourishes in England. The London *Observer's* Singlehanded Transatlantic Race is under way now (see SPORT).

the front page a report that the Academy of Applied Science/New York Times Loch Ness Expedition was ready to depart for Drumnadrochit, Scotland, which would be headquarters for "the most thorough and technologically sophisticated" hunt ever conducted for whatever it is that lurks in the loch.

Seven days later the story was Page One again. In prose evocative of earlier eras, *Times* Science Writer John Noble Wilford declared: "The search for the Loch Ness Monster has begun." Already 8,000 color photographs had been taken in the "murky waters," an "all-night vigil" had been mounted, and Expedition Leader Robert H. Rines had announced, "We have maximized our chances for success."

Good Taste. In the next day's story, the weather was "cool and blustery," and "hours in wind-tossed boats" were required before the "splashdown" of the complex lighting and camera equipment that would be used to photograph the monster. Said Rines: "Who knows, it could happen tonight." It did not, and "Nessie" news vanished momentarily, but the respite was brief.

What possessed the *Times*? According to Assistant Managing Editor Peter Millones, the paper had been looking for a chance to sponsor "An adventure done in good taste." The Loch Ness project was suggested in April, and once the paper was convinced that "a



"I don't care what we prove, I still believe in the monster..."

serious scientific expedition" could result, it agreed on a collaboration with Rines, a Boston patent attorney by profession.

There is no more assiduous American tracer of missing monsters than Rines, whose 1975 photographs purporting to show a huge underwater creature in Loch Ness bolstered the convictions of both scoffers and believers (TIME, Jan. 12). The credentials of Rines' academy have been questioned by some—it has no actual office and no university affiliation—but several esteemed scientists are on the team Rines has assembled at Drumnadrochit.

The best known of them are Dr. Harold E. Edgerton, 73, professor emeritus at M.I.T. and the inventor of strobe photography, and Charles W. Wyckoff, 60, developer of the film used to photograph atomic bomb tests. Their main hope for bringing Nessie into focus rests with a 10-ft. frame that has two large strobe lights at the top. These beam illumination through the peat-darkened waters of Loch Ness for two 35-mm. stereo cameras, a television camera and an SX-70 Polaroid camera.

"It's still a spit-and-elastic-band rig," said Rines when it was lowered into the loch, and right he was. Within three days, one strobe light had filled with water, the cylinder containing the Polaroid camera had leaked, and a flash unit was out.

For the more than \$75,000 it is investing, some of which it will get back through rights sales, the *Times* may or may not find its monster—scientists are much divided on the question of whether or not such a creature exists—but the A.A.S./N.Y.T.L.N.E. is already providing *Times* readers with an old-fashioned whopper of a story for summer reading.



WYCKOFF (LEFT) CHECKS CAMERA RIG AT LOCH NESS WITH PRESS OFFICER DENNIS MEREDITH. The New York Times pursues the unfathomable—in roughly ten fathoms.

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